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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

*The Index to the SATURDAY REVIEW July-December 1904 will be sent free of charge to subscribers on application.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

This year the authority which the King's voice gave to the Speech from the Throne was everywhere, abroad as at home, more specifically marked than normally. With the consciousness of the King's personal influence on the peace of Europe to back it, "my relations with foreign Powers continue to be of a friendly description" was not the "banal exordium" it has been called. Nor did it seem a wholly unmeaning symbol that immediately in front of the King is carried the great sword of State—in its scabbard. Such gorgeous ceremony is of course at the mercy of a slight accident; and there was one rather trying moment of unrehearsed delay in the appearance of the Commons. But it was soon over; and one is grateful to the member of Burke's "Fourth Estate" who saw during this interval the Russian and Japanese Ambassadors talking together. Is this the origin of the peace rumours?

The ceremony belongs to the House of Lords not the House of Commons, another constitutional illustration not without value; and on Tuesday what little ceremony belongs to the summoning of the Commons was not helped by the audible prompting of Admiral Stephenson who was new to his post. Preliminary curiosity on the contents of the Speech was not great. Happily no imminent foreign complications were to be feared and the public is hardened to the recurrent springtime alarms from the Balkans. Time enough when the details are published to consider the new and British contribution to this problem. Lord Lansdowne hinted at it as long ago as the last King's Speech. In imperial politics the wise reticence on the nature of the government to be given to the Transvaal left no other critical topic; and it would take a more than ingenious politician to extract exact information from the ingenious phrase, "a representative constitution".

With a sense of perspective we do not always share, the French, who have paid unusual attention to the King's Speech, have pointed out that the determination to introduce an Aliens Bill is the most practical of "domestic events". To carry through the Bill, which we are glad to know will not be again shuffled off, will

be popular, even perhaps among many aliens, to a degree not shared by most wise reforms; and the competitive zeal of the two candidates in the last East-End election is a symptom of how it will be welcomed in the district where the health and well-being of London citizens most suffer.

Its pride of place at the beginning of the second division of the King's Speech gives more emphasis than on merits is due to the question of redistribution. The anomalies, which were quite briefly and convincingly stated by Mr. Roberts, are apparent enough; but as Mr. Balfour, not perhaps so enthusiastic as some others for this reform, took the trouble to explain, forms of procedure make it impossible for the Bill to be introduced this session; and the Government, while the present tactics of the Opposition prevail, may safely wait for a session or two more. It is satisfactory that the Workmen's Compensation Act, at present needlessly prolific in litigation, is to be amended and extended. The promise of some machinery for dealing with the unemployed question is the answer to the naive request of the Trafalgar Square demonstrators to be allowed to plead at the Bar of the House.

There are people who in their craving for notoriety would kick over a table in a lady's drawing-room, if they could not get themselves observed and talked of by any other means. Parliament, it is rather well known, has usually had a sprinkling of such performers—who are regarded by the sweet-tempered merely as "cranks". But not even the most desperate notoriety-seeker would dare to describe the set orations of the movers and seconders of the Address as anything but very able and graceful. We have been greatly impressed by the speeches of the mover and seconder of the Address respectively in the House of Lords and the House of Commons. It is everybody's "pleasing duty" to agree that they "performed a difficult and delicate task" most ably. How happy a leader of Opposition must be when he is able to inspire his compliments with a little real sincerity as Lord Spencer was able on Tuesday.

Really the movers and seconders were all men of agreeable politics and speech, and if one were to signal out Lord Winchester, mover in the House of Peers, it would be because of the inviting historic association. Who more fitly could move the Address than the representative of a family whose services to the Crown are older than those of even the Cecils? A great Liberal generously dwelt on the value of such association, the sense of duty which it handed down from generation to generation. Lord Winchester can speak by right of

direct descent from one of the boldest, most self-sacrificing aristocrats in English history, to-wit John Paulet, subject of Dryden's great epitaph: to say nothing of that earlier founder of Paulet fortune who by qualities of statecraft rather than endurance was to the front in Court during four reigns. Lord Spencer can give a rare account of the mover of the Address. We hope Lord Winchester will not in politics forget the land. His father was one of the best farmers in England, and nothing, it used to be said, pleased him more than to be taken for a son of the soil—which sometimes owing to style of dress he was.

You would naturally expect a good debate at the beginning of the Session when everybody is fresh, and there is an Opposition "howling on for prey". The man in the armchair in Pall Mall always makes the same remark of the debate on the Address—"an entire waste of time, sir". He is very likely right but he does not put his case attractively. He is the same man who is for taking out certain Irish Nationalists into Trafalgar Square and shooting them in public. And his plans for shortening the debates and the lives of M.P.'s are equally impracticable. Dialectically the constitutional issue this year was interesting. Two opponents better matched for debate on such a subject than Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman one need not wish for. Sir Henry had selected and ranged with nice skill his quotations and precedents in favour of dissolution.

Unhappily for Sir Henry, he, the earlier speaker, could not guard against Mr. Balfour capping his excellent series. Sir Henry quotes a quotation by Bright—a moving one—Mr. Balfour drives home against him presently a saying by the same master signally discomfiting. Sir Henry quotes Gladstone in the same spirit: Mr. Balfour caps him even more embarrassingly. Even Mr. Morley, holding a watching brief for Gladstone's fame, cannot extract the leader of the Opposition. But surely Mr. Morley was not so half-informed as to have primed Sir Henry in this matter?

The grand attack led by Mr. Asquith was repulsed by a majority of sixty-three. It has proved an unfortunate move for the Opposition, who are now as much dispirited as the Ministerialists are heartened. There is no longer any talk of the Government being out in a week or two. The debate was good in form, but it had neither spirit nor substance. Mr. Balfour was in good dialectical vein and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had some very well-turned phrases. But Mr. Asquith seemed to us below his worth. Denunciation palls after a few sentences. Lord Hugh Cecil was true to himself, and in his speech sincerity made the mark it never misses. Every Unionist who is a tariff reformer will regret he cannot march with Lord Hugh all the way. Mr. Chamberlain was quite happy. The good temper pervading his speech gave it an air of confidence. Mr. Chamberlain is not in a hurry and he takes a long view. His opponents are wrong in counting on Mr. Chamberlain's age spoiling the fiscal movement by precipitancy. Mr. Chamberlain emphasised the human side of his tariff policy when he pointed out that the decline in nations' strength has generally been indicated by the change in the nature of the people's occupations.

We are sorry to see that Mr. Akers-Douglas is to be entrusted with the conduct of the Aliens Bill through the House. The Home Secretary is, of course, technically the proper man to do it. But if the right man technically is the wrong man actually, we would rather have the technical mistake. Mr. Akers-Douglas failed disastrously last year, and this Bill must be passed. Mr. Balfour has an admirable precedent for relieving the Home Secretary of his duty. Did he not relieve Sir John Gorst of the task of introducing the Education Bill in 1902? Sir John Gorst is not a much less intellectual man than Mr. Akers-Douglas, and he was technically the right Minister to take the Bill.

The assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius will no doubt be hailed by revolutionary enthusiasts here as proof that the social disturbances in Russia are a full-blown and no doubt glorious revolution. It is, of

course, merely one of those brutal crimes in which the anarchist rejoices everywhere. It has no connexion with the people and is unrelated to the industrial movement, which has now pretty well dissociated itself from politics. In S. Petersburg at any rate the men are getting what they struck for. The supervision of industrial life is to remain with the Minister of Finance and M. Witte in company with ministers is framing a scheme for the settlement of labour difficulties.

No doubt the strikers used larger threats than before, and disaffection was stimulated by the strikes in Poland, where still the position is in some degree critical. The authorities have thought well to be even stricter than usual with the press; and to the great benefit of letters many of the little poetic ebullitions against the Tsar have come back to England blacked out. But as a criticism of the state of opinion we prefer the workman's words quoted by the "Times" to the editorial comment: "Constitution! We don't know what that is. The majority of us are unable to read. Ours is not a political movement. We want to live—that's all." This is truer perhaps at S. Petersburg than at Warsaw or Lodz, but it is the note of the outbreak. Even the strikes of the students, which are political, have dwindled to an outcry among schoolboys against compulsory Greek.

Russians have been enjoying themselves over a successful hoax played on the British press. A telegram was received in London to the effect that M. Witte's house had been raided by police and all his papers carried off for inspection. It was nothing to editors that M. Witte had just been given increased powers and was busy with the Tsar about state business. In several cases flaming leaders appeared in one part of the paper, an unheeded contradiction of the silly canard in another. It is not without reason that simultaneously Sir Thomas Barclay in Berlin and Mr. Roosevelt in New York have urged the press to respect international amenities. But what it most requires, perhaps in all countries, is a sense of humour. The qualification is grossly neglected.

Expectation of a Japanese advance on the Shaho may be said to be wholly conjectural; and the argument from climatic conditions goes to prove that the period of inaction must be further prolonged. Hard frost makes aggressive movement difficult, but for the first few weeks at any rate the spring thaw makes it impossible. But some activity has been shown. The Japanese have brought up a number of siege guns from Port Arthur, and have been using them against the Russian centre. On 12 February a force of 500 of their cavalry made a raid on the Russian line of communications. At 4 A.M. they attacked, and partially destroyed, a bridge on the railway between Mukden and Thieling. The guard was quickly reinforced, and the Japanese were pursued for a considerable distance. The damage was not severe, and was soon made good. The Russian cavalry are again active. On 15 February, a force of 500 advanced from Sheng-tsai-men, while others moved south along the right bank of the Hun-ho.

The detailed evidence before the Paris Commission was on the whole more interesting than the British and Russian conclusions issued this week, though both are singularly astute exercises in advocacy. The Russian case is in essentials almost a re-expression of Captain Klado's opinions, which were at the time given rather as counsel than witness. Admiral Beaumont gave some novelty to the British case by suggesting, as it were on behalf of the Russian officers, an explanation of their mistake. At the time of the firing incident, the "Aurora" was very much out of place and her unexpected appearance startled the outlook on the flagship. As the vessel was too far off to be made distinct by the searchlight the original fear that she was a torpedo-boat prevailed, and after shots were fired it is likely that the semi-illumination of the trawlers nearer at hand aided the confusion. The explanation emphasises what we have always considered the weakest spot in the presentation of the Russian case, the failure or refusal to retain a witness from the "Aurora".



The conclusions of the British Government were issued under five heads in a short and rather bald form. They lay it down that the firing was not justified, and was continued unduly long, that the trawlers should have been avoided, and that assistance ought to have been sent to the damaged boats. The Russian Government sums up its conclusion under the single head that the firing was justified in the legitimate accomplishment of military duty, but speaks sympathetically of the "innocent victims" and proposes that the Hague Tribunal shall assess the damage done. But the observations on the conclusions are the interesting part; and from the point of view of skill in putting a case nothing could be more acute than the comparison of the witnesses on the two sides and the disqualification of the fishermen on their low decks and in their busy occupation to see what was happening. The emphasis laid in the English case on the disclaimers of all Governments that could have harboured a torpedo-boat was slurred; and indeed this evidence is subsidiary not essential. The paucity of witnesses, a negative but more important point, was also passed without comment. The finding of the Commission may be expected within a few days.

A speech of General Beyers before a branch of Het Volk or People's Union has alarmed both his colleagues and the English public. General Botha has disclaimed the intemperance of the language, and the speech has had an immediate effect on the expressed views of the Leader of the Opposition. But the hint of meditated rebellion which General Beyers threw out was no more than an indiscretion. He discloses no new fact. If half the British soldiers who fought in South Africa have bets on the outbreak of rebellion within so many years, it is to be supposed that the more ignorant among the Boers are not more doubtful of the ability again to go "out," as the Jacobites called it. Whether their leaders in the bulk aim directly at war is of less practical concern than their declared desire to keep racial animosity alive as best they may. The agitation hinges for the moment on the new government to be given them. If they must have any, the whole would be perhaps better than the half, but any experiment will have to be contingent on a decent pretence of loyalty.

It appears to afford great relief to those who assume that a particular friendship exists between the United States and Great Britain to find that the American Senate in rejecting the arbitration treaties had no special desire to slight this country. In fact our treaty is only one of a batch which has been sacrificed on the altar of American constitutionalism. Restricted as were the matters that could be referred to arbitration, the Senate will not give up its right to control every treaty that may be made. It resents as an encroachment on its privileges the power which the President would have had under the treaties of referring automatically any arbitration on certain classes of disputes without ultimate reference to the Senate. Their amendment stops President Roosevelt's attempt to put the American executive in the same position in regard to arbitration treaties as our Government holds for all. He pleads the special character of these treaties; but the answer of the Senate is "You must take the American Constitution as you find it."

"Little Hungary," the corner of New York where President Roosevelt has been dining, has a smack of the "Alsatia" of sixteenth-century London. It certainly surpasses the Bohemia of Soho, in spite of our Nihilists. Each of his Hungarian hosts was inspected by a detective before he was allowed to shake hands with the President, and police were seen peering from the surrounding roofs and clinging to fire-escapes on the building. Yet the President is said to have spent an hilarious evening, and indeed, it is likely that, police notwithstanding, he thought Little Hungary a more decorous place than Congress. Hungary suggests constitutional excesses; but Mr. Sullivan, member of Congress, suggests a worse comparison. However, Mr. Hearst, the Corbett of their fight in Congress, distinctly won the first round; for whereas Sullivan only called Mr. Hearst a "contemptible swaggering bully, immoral, unscrupulous," Mr. Hearst denounced Mr.

Sullivan as a "murderer" who had assisted in "kicking a man to death in a public-house"—and Mr. Hearst was at one time a popular candidate for the Presidency!

In Hungary, "great Hungary" shall we say, although M. Kossuth has not been able to form a Ministry he commands the situation, and whoever becomes Premier can hardly do otherwise than carry out the programme of the extreme Nationalists. This is nothing less than to go back on the compromise of 1867, and involves much the same demands with respect to consular appointments as the Norwegian Nationalists make on Sweden. But the Kossuthists also demand a complete severance of fiscal relations and a separate customs service for Hungary. Though there seems a disposition to leave some unity of command at present in the army, the net effect of the proposals is practical separation. The position of the King is in the highest degree pathetic. He can hardly enter with enthusiasm upon the break-up of his Empire, for it is useless to contend that Austria-Hungary after such changes can continue to hold the same position as a great Power. The danger is noticed in Vienna and resistance is threatened, but it must be remembered that German Austria is not solid.

The Sultan of Turkey is certainly the most accomplished debtor in Europe. He must continually borrow and at each loan his creditors are persuaded that they have him in their grip. If the grip at any rate of Germany tightens, the Sultan still has his amusement out of the game; and he has never better illustrated his humoristic astuteness than over the little loan for the Beiram festivities. France and Germany fought for this bone till the eve of Beiram, when they were told that the money had been raised elsewhere; and lest his good friends should be in any way hurt he has bestowed on each of them a decoration! We forget whether his friends Sir Ashmead Bartlett and Mr. Gibson Bowles were so compensated when their valuable concessions in the Turkish Empire turned to paper under some little practical disability that only the Sultan remembered. And all these little games are played and won while he and his empire are held to be on the edge of bankruptcy and dismemberment.

It is to be hoped that the publication of the despatches on the recent operations in the Aden hinterland indicates that the end of that troublesome business is in sight; although it appears that the British and Turkish Governments are not yet quite in accord over the frontier question. The military operations were undertaken against various Arab tribes for the protection of the boundary commission and for keeping open communication with Aden. But as no war correspondents accompanied the various columns, their work has been much overlooked. Indeed at present there seems some question whether a medal shall be given at all, though no doubt one will be given in time. But in these matters—following the example of the Peninsular war for which no medal was given till forty years after—we are often very slow. Still in this case it would be lamentable if, because of the absence of war correspondents, the services of the Dublin Fusiliers, Hampshire, Buffs and native troops were ignored, especially as the total list of casualties was not inconsiderable.

The "Morning Post" like the "Standard" has been giving prominence to the army problem. We are glad to see that, in the course of the articles, justice has been done to Lord Wolseley and the other military officials during the war. It is very properly pointed out that a machine which was capable of such extraordinary expansion as the British army could not at that time have been altogether effete, as most of the critics, the Esher Committee and Mr. Arnold-Forster would have us believe. Moreover we very much doubt whether such a result would be possible now. The "Morning Post" criticisms generally are sound, although we cannot agree with the picture presented of the Brodrick régime. The writer attributes its supposed failure to the Secretary of State's neglect to take the advice of the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff. If the writer had seen or heard the advice which was usually tendered to Mr. Brodrick, he would have told a different story.

The explosion on the submarine early on Thursday morning is a terrible example of the personal risk belonging to preparation for war with the new engines. The disaster was not, as the accident in Portsmouth harbour, directly to do with the specific use of the boat. She was lying at the time quietly in Queenstown harbour, preparatory to an exhibition in diving. So far as we know a violent explosion of gasoline took place in one of the tanks; and a second and smaller explosion a few minutes later, by which three sailors from the "Hazard" engaged in attempts to rescue the entombed men were wounded. A sub-lieutenant and three men were killed and of the eleven wounded four are in a serious condition.

The motor-car exhibition at Olympia—which Mr. Balfour did not leave a debate in the House to attend—may be claimed as eminently an English success. "The Complete Motorist", as a book of that name recently prophesied, can now equip himself completely in this country. No doubt the French manufacturer is still the best engine builder, but the show gives plenty of evidence that the Englishman is at last beginning to turn out good stuff in all branches of the trade. We could not see however any sign of another prophecy made by Mr. Young that the car would rapidly decrease in price. In the building of the body of the car the English maker is well to the front. The form of tonneau hitherto general is disappearing in favour of the side-entrance variety. It would indeed be a mercy to many motorists if the designers of cars were to take a little more of their motoring experience in the back seat rather than at the steering wheel. Among the exhibition of accessories there is no absolutely satisfactory tyre on the market, which is emphasised by the fact that the police have special instructions to be considerate to a car equipped with anti-skidding apparatus.

The fact of the Show is one of the best encouragements for the motor industry in England; but such means go but a small way to counteract the extreme animosity of a part of the public, among whom Justices in Petty Session seem to be disproportionately represented. The indiscriminate way in which the licenses of drivers have been endorsed and the wholesale convictions recorded, frequently quite contrary to the law and the evidence in the case, all go to prove the present alarmed state of the public mind against the touring motor. It would be impossible for any class of the community to be so consistently ill-treated in the courts of law if they had the slightest hold upon public favour or sympathy.

The County Council has been much exercised during the week over its duties as guardian of the moralities and æsthetics of London. Possibly it was quite right to send back the French proposal for a long lease of the centre of the fine space now only half spoilt by the new Gaiety. But did Mr. John Burns realise the extent of the insult when he uttered his dread of a "Moulin Rouge" in London? One despairs of the English public ever getting to know that nothing is less Parisian or more thoroughly loathed by Parisians than this tawdry entertainment, which extracts a slender livelihood out of gaping tourists from England. Mr. Burns was again to the fore in proposing to name the Thames steamers after our great men. Perhaps poor William Morris, famous in his time at Oxford for a mediæval tourney of boats, would not quite appreciate the compliment. But we cannot agree with the ingenuous Councillor—probably dimly conscious of the Columbus scene in "The Tramp Abroad"—who objected on the ground that "they were all dead". Such honours are better posthumous.

The two stall-holders whose "pitch has been queered" by the royal road down the Mall have had their lament attended to. The King has recognised their life-interest in the place, guaranteed them a new pitch in St. James', and their gratitude has been expressed in a note which we are afraid is more polished than their unaided idiom could have compassed. The patriarchal element in the gracious little concession is too rare to be passed over; but the new road like the first railroad is to be "bad for the coo". At the cow the King drew the line.

## THE OLD STORY.

AN old and perhaps respectable convention makes it necessary to attach—or appear to attach—exceptional importance to the speeches made in Parliament on the opening of a new session. We all pretend that momentous pronouncements are to be expected, and even the speeches of movers and seconders of the Address have to be taken very seriously. As a matter of fact these opening debates do not often contribute anything of significance even to the political situation, and on the national position they usually have no bearing whatever. Parliament does not get to work until after the Address has been voted. It has been suggested, naturally enough, that the whole business of the Address should be abolished, or at any rate be treated as purely formal. There is a good deal to be said for the proposal, for the debate on the Address wastes a great deal of time and amounts in result to nothing more than a wearisome tale of common form, which might perfectly well be taken for granted. No doubt the first or even the second time a man hears the venerable platitudes of party recrimination, the stereotyped phrases, almost ceremonial in their rigidity of form, the standing compliments, the ancient chaff, never fresh yet apparently never stale, he may find the performance amusing and entertaining; but it becomes absolutely irritating to onlookers who know it all by heart. The players do not seem to mind. An actor can go through his part nightly month after month without being crushed by its repetition: it is his business. He however does not do it to please himself; but it is difficult to see for whose pleasure our parliament men repeat these opening passages year by year, if not for their own. In the House of Lords one is not bored by it, for the whole business is got through in the decent time of a single afternoon. It is reasonable enough that the leader on either side should make a sort of report to Parliament on what has happened in the interval since they last met: that is a very different thing from the Commons' performance which drags on for weeks. We do not see that the debate on the Address serves any real purpose but that of wasting time. An Opposition may find it useful for purposes of obstruction, but we do not know that the interests of the nation are ever really served by the preservation of occasions for obstruction whether Liberal or Conservative. To drop the Address or the debate on the Address would no doubt be a considerable innovation constitutionally; but facts are greater than constitutional forms, and in fact the Address has lost its significance; its reason of being has gone.

It is not likely, however, that Parliament will be persuaded to make any such departure. The House of Commons likes this formal business, signifying nothing; it has a domestic attraction the outsider cannot understand; and Oppositions think they have in the debate an unusually good opportunity of attacking the Government. We doubt whether an examination into precedent will justify any such view; Ministries have been upset on the Address, it is true, but only when they have been absolutely in a minority of the House and could be upset on any vote. Surely Ministerialists are likely to be in force at the opening of a session, if ever. They are fresh then; they have for months been free from irksome obedience to the whip; they have forgotten for the moment the dullness of the lot of the silent loyalist. Why should the Government be in special jeopardy at the beginning of a session? In nine cases out of ten we believe the exact reverse to be the case and that even for purposes of pure party polemic the debate on the Address is superfluous.

In only one case is the first meeting of parties after a recess of critical importance; that is, when a new situation has been created by something that has happened since the prorogation. This is what the Opposition say has taken place on the present occasion. The trend of the by-elections, they hold, has so affected the balance of politics in the country that Parliament finds itself confronted with a situation entirely different from that which it left last August. Accordingly they proceed at once to a trial of strength on an amendment demanding dissolution. In doing



this they show much less tactical ability than they did last year. They have adopted the one course which makes the way plain for all sections of Ministerialists. No Unionist, free-trader or tariff reformer, need have any difficulty in voting against dissolution. If the amendment was selected merely for effect on the electorate, and especially to satisfy the Liberal rank and file, it is intelligible; from a parliamentary point of view it is not. Far more astute was Mr. Morley's amendment last year, which was so drafted as to make it almost impossible for all members even of the Ministry to speak on it with a common mind. In effect it did divide the Government, and the result on the party position in the House was visible. The Ministerialists did not come out of that debate well; they were not pressed in the actual division; but it was generally felt that their position in the House was sensibly weakened. Very different is the position to-day. After Thursday's division there is much less talk of the Government being beaten than there was before the opening of Parliament. The spirits of the Ministerialists have been sensibly raised by the bad tactics of the Opposition. If they get over the Army debates the Government should not have any great difficulty in getting through the whole session.

We cannot pretend to be much interested in the dispute between the two front benches as to the proper weight to be attached to by-elections, which was practically the only modicum of argument the debate supplied. It is not possible to get up any enthusiasm on that issue, for it is just a question on which side of the House the speaker happens to be. What Mr. Chamberlain said of the charge of obstruction in a debate last session is equally true of this dispute; it depends entirely on your point of view. If you are in opposition, you can see the most flagrant immorality in a prime minister remaining in office after a few by-elections have gone against him; if you are in power, you see the absurdity of such a charge. When in office you take your stand on your majority in the House, when you are in opposition on your supposed majority in the country. That is why it is so easy to cite the same political authority in support of both views. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Austen Chamberlain both produced triumphant quotations from Mr. Gladstone. It would indeed have been strange if dicta of Mr. Gladstone could not have been discovered to prove that by-elections do count and that they do not count. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was much pleased with his quotation from Mr. Balfour, and it was a neat debating thrust, but he knows very well that it would not be difficult for anyone who had the industry to go through all his speeches during the last Liberal term of power to find a passage supporting the view of by-elections now taken by Mr. Balfour. These constitutional points are hardly worth considering, for no one pays them practical attention. Whatever be the right view constitutionally, no Government, while it has a working majority in the Commons, ever does resign because by-elections have gone against it: it does not resign because it need not. As for Mr. Gladstone he did not consider himself bound to resign even when the House had put him in a minority. According to Mr. Morley, he was quite indignant with Lord Rosebery for his pusillanimity in resigning as soon as he was beaten on a division, though Lord Rosebery's formal majority was only nineteen. But Mr. Balfour's real answer to the demand for dissolution is that there is work which the country requires to be done and which his Government is morally bound to do and that he cannot dissolve until it has done it. If he were to dissolve before passing an Aliens Bill, he would be exposing himself to a real charge of political immorality.

#### MR. ROOSEVELT'S RÔLE.

THE issue between the President and the Legislature that has been raised in three different forms during the present month is highly significant of the new phase into which American politics is entering. For the moment it might appear that the Senate triumphs at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt. But that aspect of the conflict is but a superficial one, a fact which becomes

clear enough when we look more closely at the general progress of affairs in the United States.

The three grounds of dispute which have come prominently before the world during the last fortnight cover the most important points of national policy, the trusts, relations with Europe and the Monroe doctrine. There is no doubt that on each of these matters the line taken by the President has the approval of the nation while the Senate has behind it the written law of the Constitution. Although there is no reason to apprehend acute conflict at the moment, who can say that during Mr. Roosevelt's present term incidents may not arise which will pose the two forces in the State in violent opposition? As Mr. Bryce pointed out in 1888 "Congress has succeeded in occupying nearly all of the area which the Constitution left vacant and unallotted between the several authorities it established." The critical question for the United States to consider and decide is how long the Senate (for the Senate is particularly concerned) will be permitted to retain possession of the usurped territory. The answer will depend to a certain extent on pressure extraneous to America. But apart altogether from foreign action, the conflict will begin seriously so soon as ever Mr. Roosevelt believes that the interest of the country demands it.

The President is of course singularly well equipped for such an enterprise. Since Lincoln no one has taken the office with anything like the personal prestige he has won, and Lincoln only represented a part of the nation during a civil war. Mr. Roosevelt has impressed his character in an extraordinary way upon the imagination of all classes. In the first place he is sprung from a stock which may be termed aristocratic and has produced no Presidents since the early days of the Union. This enables him to appreciate the views of that particular class in a way no other President has been competent to do; and in the course of a varied and extraordinarily active life he has come into touch with all others and displayed a wide gift of sympathy and appreciation of their peculiar views. He is therefore, apart from the incidents of his political, military and administrative career, singularly qualified to gauge the national mind in its entirety. He is in no sense a machine-man, having come to his office originally in spite of the machine and been confirmed in it, not so much by the action of the machine as by its enforced action under popular pressure. On the other hand the Senate is in great measure the creation of the machine, its chairs are greatly in the party gift and are often the reward of dubious party services. There can be little doubt that it is the President, rather than the Senate, who enjoys the esteem of the public; therefore, as the "Times" correspondent points out, Mr. Roosevelt "never hesitates to appeal to the country when Congress falters". When such an appeal is actually formulated on a vital point involving the existing Constitution, we shall see the opening of a struggle that will entirely change the aspect of American Government.

It would be gratuitous pedantry to attempt prophecy as to the exact field of hostilities. It may not come in an acute form this year or the next but the whole evolution of American affairs makes it inevitable. As in this country, the progress of a democratic system is destroying the power of the debating chamber. No one who watches the course of British politics attempts to deny that the Cabinet is rapidly ousting the House of Commons from its predominant position. It is quite possible that less subservient majorities than the present may from time to time appear to check the process, but the check will only be temporary and the decline of Parliament will continue. No Cabinet, whatever its complexion, will abandon the powers with which its predecessors have armed it, for an Executive wants to get things done and administration properly conducted, while the legislative body exists for talk and wants to advertise itself. The Executive again knows how all the best work of the country is performed in quiet and how fatally longwinded dilatory debate may interfere with national necessities.

The same process is at work in America and for similar reasons, though the conditions of the Constitution will render a struggle between the contending forces

more conspicuous and therefore apparently more dangerous than in Great Britain, but we have no doubt as to the ultimate victory of the President. Mr. Roosevelt won his victory upon the very grounds that will tend to develop the Presidential predominance, the need for a strong foreign policy and large armaments. In home affairs he is distinctly taking a line which sooner rather than later will bring him into sharp collision with the great interests that dominate the Senate. The control of railways by the Trusts is exciting a genuine and growing resentment throughout American society. It is quite clear from his speech on 1 February that the President is determined to deal drastically with what is rapidly becoming a public scandal. No one who knows anything of America, or who looks upon the matter from a general attitude of principle, will deny that he was right in claiming that the greatest need is "the increase in the power of the National Government to keep the great highways of commerce open alike to all on reasonable and equitable terms". As the country fills up and competition cuts more keenly, the oppression of the great corporations will be more acutely felt. The House of Representatives has already accepted the "Townsend" Bill, but nobody believes that the Senate will do so. It will not be any the more ready to do it now that Mr. Bryan has declared himself on Mr. Roosevelt's side. The influence of railways in the Senate is overwhelming, but there can be little doubt which side would win if at any time it came to a real struggle and an appeal to the people.

In the question of S. Domingo again the Senate appears to have made good its claim to decide whether or no the arrangement come to between that effete and troubled State and the encroaching Government of the United States shall be ratified. Mr. Roosevelt will submit with a good grace, and there is not much probability that the protocol will be seriously impaired, but the capacity for mischief latent in a body like the Senate under its existing privileges can hardly be exaggerated. The rejection of the Arbitration Treaties matters little in itself. Those instruments would have effected little either for good or evil, but the whole incident is only an instructive skirmish on the ground where far heavier engagements may be fought at any moment. Mr. Roosevelt is the embodiment of the national demand for an active foreign policy and he has the constitutional right of command of the army and navy. As it is only since the Spanish war that the United States can be correctly said to have definitely taken a conspicuous place in the politics of the world, the extraordinary developments in the Presidential power which that step brings with it have hardly yet been realised, but it will help every day to exalt him at the expense of the Legislature. The declarations regarding the Monroe Doctrine which Mr. Roosevelt himself and leading supporters have made of late involve similar results.

No man in his position can help contemplating with envy the free hand allowed a British Minister in the manipulation of foreign affairs, but, if not Mr. Roosevelt, then some early successor will find himself no less generously entrusted with the national interests of the United States. The dangers and difficulties inherent in any attempt to conduct complicated negotiations through representative bodies may any day appear aggressively insistent even to the average American. A business people will quickly appreciate the most businesslike way of conducting public affairs. Hitherto the existing framework has sufficiently served public requirements. The new developments make it quite impossible that they can do so much longer. In spite of all the precautions of the founders of the Constitution the time is rapidly approaching when in electing the President the people will recognise that they endow him for a season with prerogatives more than regal because he embodies their own absolutism.

The American public will in the end welcome this solution as the British have done who have slid by almost imperceptible gradations into accepting the rule of a practically despotic ministry for a terminable period. The Legislature in both cases becomes a hortatory and minatory, not a governing, body. The people take supreme interest in the character and capacity of their

rulers whom they may accept or reject but less every day in the inconclusive discussions of elective assemblies.

#### RUSSIAN LABOUR PROBLEMS.

THE mistaken policy of M. de Witte in fostering with such enthusiasm the industrial development of Russia at the sacrifice of her indigenous agricultural resources ended, as is well known, in failure. He soon became convinced of this himself, and has since reversed his policy as is evidenced by his present marked solicitude for the interests and material improvement of the peasantry. Witte's primary object at the time was to raise the value of the ruinously fluctuating rouble, and in this he undoubtedly succeeded, but with widespread and disastrous results to the economic conditions of the country. To accomplish the almost impossible task of converting Russia into a manufacturing-agricultural country numerous facilities were offered to foreigners with the object of encouraging an influx of capital from abroad. Companies and syndicates were promoted, factories and iron works sprang up with fungus rapidity, fostered under the canopy of an excessive tariff. But the artificial nursery could no long be maintained and speedily proved to be abortive. Over-production, and a market limited almost entirely to Government orders, brought about an industrial and financial crisis. The liquidation and closing of so many workshops at one time threw thousands of men out of work who, contaminated by the demoralising attractions of town life, were unwilling to return to the soil, and the wage market of the factory hands was thus overstocked in its turn. Want of employment and the vicissitudes of a precarious existence caused hundreds of these birds of a feather to flock together. Amalgamation for the protection of mutual interests, on the principles of the mir or village commune, led to the formation in the early 'nineties of Labour associations with the aim of contesting the growing despotic power of the employer. These associations in their origin resembled in many features our own trades unions, and as such they were countenanced and indeed encouraged by the Government, which foresaw in the increasing accumulation of idle hands a threatening contingent of reserve forces for the growing army of social revolters. A man who joins a labour association presumably does so with a view to obtain employment on reasonable terms. There are few popular movements in Russia which do not eventually assume a political character. The intellectual and literary classes (intelligentsia) have invariably some hidden political aim in view, which they endeavour to promote in their literary and dramatic writings in such a manner as cleverly to evade the censor's castigation. And it is just in the centre of the modern Russian intelligentsia that one chiefly meets with the Extremists or social democrats. Thus the latter were not slow to perceive in the Labour associations a powerful instrument for the propagation of their own "emancipating" doctrines. Financial support came from high and low, rich and poor amongst the so-called Progressives, with the result that the original labour or trade principles of the unions were rapidly merged into covert revolutionary and political aims and doctrines.

As an instance how the unions have been hatched under the incubating wing of political agitators, we may quote the Working Peasants' Religious Christian Society founded by the now notorious Father Happon—not Gapon as he has been erroneously named all along. Happon, it will be remembered, was the priest who, under cover of the holy ikons, the Emperor's portrait and other emblems of peace and goodwill, revealed himself as a prominent revolutionary, and was one of the chief leaders of the S. Petersburg rioters. In his capacity of prison chaplain he had frequent opportunities of coming into contact and intimate converse with political prisoners, and soon became a convert, and subsequently an apostate to their cause. In his dual quality of priest and official he approached M. de Plehve, and induced this austere suspicious minister—of all men—to grant him permission to organise this "Working Peasants' Religious Christian



Society". Happon's programme, as submitted to Plehve, was based on a scheme by which the young workmen recently enrolled from the villages were to be prevented from degenerating into a body of recruits for this dangerous bossiack fraternity. The events of the past few months have plainly revealed how this programme has been carried out, and the sad havoc that is being created both in Russia and abroad by well-meaning busybodies who are confusing and confounding economic evolutions with political aspirations. Unfortunately the fact that amongst the leaders of the political party, organised to force the hands of the most inflexible Government in the world, there are found distinguished men of letters, ex-senators and university professors, lends extra courage to the deluded victims who are being goaded on to the destruction of the original intentions of the workmen's societies. Yet in spite of these serious side issues on the part of the revolutionary propagandists, the bulk of the Russian workmen remain aliens to the notion of their participating in or interfering with State reforms. "Constitution! We don't know what that is. We can't read and write. Ours is not a political movement. We want to live—that's all." This, according to a St. Petersburg correspondent, was the answer of a skilled mechanic who was being interviewed on the strike question. It is obvious from a dispassionate analysis of the foregoing details that there exist in Russia two powerful, active elements in the present serious uprising of the people. The one is the organised and increasing body of social democrats who are intent on profiting by all the favourable changes and evolutions in the economic regeneration of the country for the furtherance of their own purposes. The other is the genuine working-man, not yet converted to the doctrines of socialism, and whose sole grievances, if he possesses any, are his own personal wants and in some exceptional instances his impotence to better himself by checking and counteracting the possible exploitation of his labour by a covetous employer. Public opinion in this country appears to us to have missed the important factor of the conflict now raging in Russia. We have been too hasty in assuming that the authorities are bent on frustrating every attempt on the part of the working classes to obtain reasonable concessions. How far these demands are reasonable we are in a position to judge by a reference to the schedule of the rules and regulations issued by the Riga Social Democratic Federal Committee, and addressed by them to the masters of the larger local factories. The schedule is prefaced by the declaration that if the masters should come to an agreement with their workmen, on the grounds of the demands laid before them, the workmen on strike should be prepared to return to work so soon only as the Social Democratic Federal Committee declare the strike at an end.

Rule No. 4.—Workmen must take part in the compiling of works' rules and must also have control of the carrying out of such rules.

Rule No. 6.—The abrogation of fines.

Rule No. 8, amongst other items, stipulates that in case of illness the full daily wages are to be paid and the workmen are to have the right of calling in any doctor they may please to select at the master's expense.

Rule No. 12.—That the masters are to observe a thoroughly polite behaviour towards their workmen.

Rule No. 15.—On days preceding Sundays and public holidays (amounting in the aggregate to about fifty in the year) works are to be closed down at 2 P.M., for which days workmen are to be paid as for full working days.

Rule No. 17.—Payment of full wages during strikes.

Besides the foregoing, the schedule significantly ends thus: "We have other political demands the fulfilment of which is to be insisted upon from the Tsar's absolute monarchy."

This is a fair specimen of what the Russian workman is being taught by his other masters to claim from his employers. In contrast to the rules and regulations of the Riga Social Democratic Federal Committee, the demands of the well-known socialist orator Mr. J. E. Williams formulated at the recent Trafalgar Square meeting of the unemployed are comparatively mild.

And yet Mr. Balfour absolutely declined to receive the delegates from the meeting, or to enter into any discussion of their wants; and no outcry has been raised as to any unjust treatment of the complainants. But in dealing with Russia, where the whole present situation is bristling with dangers alike to the State and to the real interests of the people, we seem incapable of making any fair analogies. The real condition of the Russian labouring classes is ill understood abroad, as is also the relationship existing between the employers and their workmen; and the supervision maintained by the Government in the interests of the workmen in the chief industrial centres is totally unknown. The wretched poverty of the peasant, the prevalence of famine and other revelations of the abject condition of the agricultural classes appear to be the foundation of our judgment in estimating the circumstances of the rest of the labouring classes. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the owners of factories make provision for healthy dwellings, hospitals, schools, and even workmen's clubs in the vicinity of their works or cotton mills. The pay of the Russian artisan is certainly low in comparison with that of an English workman, but on the other hand the cost of living is considerably cheaper in Russia. In view of all this, it seems to us that the universal outcry abroad against the alleged tyranny and injustice towards the Russian labouring class is somewhat misleading. The political discussion of the subject as exemplified in our press has frustrated rather than aided any attempt at a fair solution of Russia's complex economic problem, and in view of the present transitory stage of her economic difficulties we should do well to think a little before giving our final verdict.

#### THE HUMAN SIDE OF TARIFF REFORM.

THE purely party battle in the House of Commons on Mr. Asquith's Amendment to the Address could hardly be expected to contribute anything of substance to the essential merits of the Preferential and Free Trade controversy. Many of the members on both sides brought forward, by way of repetition of what must have become mechanical to them by this time, the stock arguments of free trade and protection. But they always appear to be at the standpoint of the manufacturer or merchant, and seem to relegate to a secondary position the results of the two policies on the human beings whom they seem to regard as mere instruments of production. The free trader wants everything cheap, because he believes the consequence of that is to make the production of wealth more effective. He ignores what happens on the other side of the account when a country's old-established industries, that have been prosperous for centuries, with their workmen who possess painfully acquired skill, become disorganised through external competition. His argument is that this competition is beneficial, since it compels a nation to apply itself to industries for which it has greater advantages than it had for the older industries; so that in the end it gains by greater productiveness. Mr. Chamberlain has, indeed, denounced and satirised this way of thinking by his famous "pickles and jam" references, but we doubt whether the majority of tariff reformers have followed the real idea which was present to his mind. They have traversed the contentions of free traders with the counter-assertion that free trade is not most advantageous for production, as can be shown by reference to protectionist nations, such as the United States and Germany. It is this aspect of the matter which has caused the more important question to be overlooked, whether we should make the amount of wealth produced the real test of the relative merits of a free-trade system and one directed to other purposes than mere wealth-production.

Mr. Chamberlain certainly did not set out in his advocacy of tariff reform with any such test in his mind. His desire to establish a preferential system between Great Britain and her colonies could not be judged by any such criterion; and the same remark may be made as to his belief that in his scheme resources might be found for establishing an Old-Age Pensions Fund. Whether free trade or protection will make a

nation the richer may be disputable, but the more important question is which will conduce more effectually to its well-being in the other and larger spheres of national life. It is certainly not true that the wealthier we become the stronger we become even for purposes of defence; though sometimes people talk as if by the sinews of war merely money were meant. We have become richer by sacrificing our agricultural well-being to the exigencies of our manufacturers in the time of Cobden; and our example is acting as a warning to Germans of all classes; though they may differ largely as to the mode in which a balance is to be maintained by their tariff between the two great interests. We have to retrace our steps and we have to look at the agricultural question with the eyes of imperialists. Whether the system of preferential tariffs on the premises of the economist would or would not be less advantageous than free trade, we have to consider what other advantages we should gain from a system which, by substituting an intra-imperial for a foreign food supply, would develop the empire's dormant agricultural resources, and with these the supply of men for its defence. This is really why the proposal for preferential trade is the essential fact and starting point for the closer union of the empire. Its indirect effect would be to create an abundant population for the empire's defence; and at the same time establish interests which would be concrete and palpable, and so necessitate the co-operation of a really imperial fleet and army for their protection.

If such a result as this were to be reached by a preferential system it would be absurd to say that we must shut ourselves off from the prospect of it because, on the theory of free trade, the diversion of trade from its "natural" channels implies a diminution in the production of wealth. We imagine that to free traders the very idea of growth of empire is repugnant because it is, as they might say, "tainted" with militarism. There is nothing which shows so clearly how they are dominated by the crude notion of wealth-production as their views on the economic and social effects of military forces. To them they are sheer waste, a deduction from the quantity of labour and energy which ought to be applied to the production of wealth. Every soldier, or sailor, or policeman, is a necessary evil, and only to be tolerated so far as he is necessary for protecting the producer. It was one of the dreams of the early free traders that their panacea for all ills would abolish these "parasitic" classes, or at least reduce them to their lowest point. This very limited view of the value of armed forces in the organised life of a nation goes very naturally with a doctrine which judges everything by the canon of wealth-production. The two together fit each other like hand and glove; and combined they account for the inertia of free traders when projects of effective empire are proposed. It would almost seem as if they thought it to be a fatal obstacle to a view of empire other than the loose congeries of states, which now pass as the British Empire, that we must presuppose an extension of the armed forces as a necessary element in its reorganisation. This presupposition certainly has to be made, and it is precisely in such a case as this that we should say the fallacy of testing proposals by their effect on the creation of wealth is most evident. It is extremely probable that even if there were no fighting to be done it would pay a nation to retain its armed military and naval forces to a considerably uneconomical extent for the sake of the discipline, physical, mental and moral, of its youth. But when the question is, as it is here, the reality of effective defence of a real empire, economic considerations become as nearly irrelevant as any matter of making wealth or money can ever be. When we can hardly escape attempting to do a thing, which is our position as regards the re-creation of the British Empire, it would be futile to seek to evade the necessity by repeating the formula that it would cost us less or that we should make more if we let things go on as they are. The matter at issue in the fiscal controversy cannot be settled by an appeal of this kind to the economic advantage of free trade, assuming that it has an advantage. At any rate it is not likely to be so overwhelmingly great as to disable our movements towards empire, judging from

the very good show that protectionist nations who have not this advantage are making against us. The position of the empire and the position of our industry, that is of the condition of the people engaged in it, have this in common, that what is best in regard to both of them must be determined by political, moral and social considerations, and not by any economic theory of the greatest possibility of wealth-production.

### THE CITY.

ALTHOUGH payments to Government on account of taxation have caused a temporary stiffening in the rate for short loans the markets seem bent on anticipating a period of ease in money and the demand for gilt-edged securities has been the chief feature in the Stock Exchange during the past week. Consols have improved to 90½—a rise of 1½ on balance—and the Irish loan, which has been in particular favour, closes at 92½, a rise of 1½ per cent.: India stocks, colonial securities and the prior charges of the Home railways have had their share of attention with substantial advances in quotations throughout the list. If any further evidence were required as to the interest taken in high-class issues it may be found in the extraordinary success of the Chinese loan, followed by the issue of £210,000 4 per cent. stock on behalf of the City of Capetown at par which was received with similar favour—the lists in both instances having been kept open for one hour only. On Wednesday Messrs. Speyer Brothers offered for sale £500,000 4 per cent. perpetual debenture stock of the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway Company at a fixed price of 96 and although the allotments are not known at the time of writing the success of the issue is undoubted. The estimates of the experts show a net revenue of £146,469 a year, which is more than four times sufficient to meet the interest on the total authorised debenture stock; the first portion of the line will be open for traffic before the end of the year, and in our opinion the investment is of a satisfactory nature. The same financial house is likely, we understand, to issue a loan in connexion with the Johannesburg Waterworks scheme, and although the full particulars are not yet publicly known it may be safely assumed that the margin of security and provision for amortisation will be on a thoroughly sound basis. We are quite satisfied that the loan will be worth attention.

The wave of investment of a less solid nature perhaps than that we have alluded to above has also been in evidence in the foreign markets, Japanese issues having been freely bought, and Russian stocks have also improved. Whilst there appears to be nothing to warrant the assumption that peace is likely to be made soon, there is no disputing the fact that the belief is widely entertained on the Continental bourses that the end of the war is in sight, and although the buying is partially the outcome of forces outside of this belief in peace—namely the steady thrust of cheap money throughout the world—a big percentage is unquestionably in anticipation of the end of the war.

Business in the American railroad market has been interrupted by the usual holidays in celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of President Lincoln, but Wall Street has got into its swing again and with minor exceptions prices are higher on balance for the week. The shares of the Minneapolis S. Paul Ste. Marie Railway Co. to which we drew attention in these columns when they stood at \$84 have changed hands at \$110, and if the earnings of the line continue to be as satisfactory as they are at present the price must go still higher.

The unfortunate South African mining market has had another set-back following Lord Spencer's so-called "manifesto" and its references to Chinese labour. But it is extremely unlikely that any change in the existing state of the labour ordinance will be attempted until the colonists are in a position to legislate on the matter for themselves and as evidence accumulates that many who were opposed to the measure are now convinced that it is quite necessary the "manifesto" may be an excellent weapon for the professional "bears" but it need not in our opinion



create any uneasiness in the minds of investors who hold sound dividend-paying mining shares. Improvement in the Kaffir market must come from a steady improvement in the output and the current year will show a substantial advance in this respect. Apart from this aspect of the industry which will in course of time reflect itself in enhanced prices of dividend-paying shares, the market is in the hands of the big houses who are virtually without a leader and are far too suspicious of each other to agree as to action for the common good; and by this we mean a policy which will include permitting the public to benefit even to a modest extent.

### INSURANCE TEA SCHEMES.

THE reasons given by Mr. Justice Buckley for pronouncing the winding-up order against Nelson and Co., the firm which did so large a business under the tea pension scheme, must be regarded as much more than a comment on this particular case. There are other schemes of a similar nature to that worked by Nelson and Co. to which the condemnation of the judge applies with equal force. The plan adopted by a considerable number of tea companies in order to extend their business and to make larger profits than they would out of selling tea by itself is to charge a higher price for the tea, generally 2s. 4d. a pound, and promise their customers' benefits in the form of pensions on becoming widows, or of the payment of a relatively large sum on the death of the husband. In order to create a large business these benefits are announced on a scale of liberality usually from fifteen to twenty times greater than the contributions available for pensions or insurance could possibly provide. In stating that Nelsons had incurred a liability which could only be met by having funds in hand to the amount of £10,000,000 Mr. Justice Buckley was deliberately and professedly understating the real facts of the case. We have the names of at least nine companies conducting business more or less on the lines which have been so severely condemned from the judicial bench. One of the most prominent of these is the British Widows' Assurance Company, Limited, the accounts of which, as presented to the Insurance Department of the Board of Trade, are before us. From these it appears that the customers have paid £16,000 for their tea and £9,000 extra in expectation of receiving pensions on becoming widows. Out of this £9,000 only £2,613 was paid to the pension fund. Out of this sum £924 was paid for pensions, whereas it is safe to say that £60 is the outside amount that ought to have been used for this purpose. This fact illustrates a very important point which is too little recognised. The customers who pay an extra 10d. a pound for their tea ought to acquire rights against the companies and reserve funds should be provided for meeting these liabilities as they accrue. Instead of doing this pensions of much too large an amount are paid to the few who become widows and the payment of these excessive pensions is used as an advertisement to attract new customers.

Another point which was raised in the Nelson case and practically illustrated by a company called the British Endowment Tea, Limited, is that there is nothing to prevent the companies raising the price of their tea to any extent they choose. The British Endowment, for instance, at one time charged 2s. 2d. a pound, then 2s. 8d., then 3s. 4d., and announced that it would be raised to 4s. 8d. a pound. This particular company, however, ceased supplying anything at all to either their agents or their customers, and it is stated that its business is to be taken over by the British Widows. The power to raise the price of tea in this way normally enables the companies to get rid of their customers and the attaching liability after fleecing them for as long as possible. It is to be hoped that the exposure of Nelson and Co. and the very important pronouncement of Mr. Justice Buckley, will suffice to kill these tea schemes once and for all; but such methods illustrate very forcibly the relative helplessness of policy-holders in Life insurance companies. It might be thought appropriate to give the Board of Trade some power to prevent the continuance

of insurance companies which are hopelessly insolvent. The matter is a difficult one to deal with, and any interference with the great majority of British Life offices, which are conducted on a sounder basis than any other financial institutions in the world, is not at all desirable. At the present time the Board of Trade is helpless and cannot even refuse to receive and publish in the official Life assurance returns statements which it knows perfectly well are sometimes inaccurate, and sometimes entirely untrue.

We could give many concrete instances from our personal knowledge in which the returns nominally complying with the schedules of the Life Assurance Companies Acts are quite misleading and sometimes intentionally so. In former years the Board of Trade used to enter into correspondence with some of the companies and publish the correspondence in the Blue-book. Feeling, however, that it was undignified to state in their correspondence that the returns were inaccurate or unsatisfactory and then to have to publish the returns in any form which the companies chose to present them in, the Board of Trade relinquished the practice of publishing the correspondence. It is now left—in many ways advantageously left—to the criticisms of the press to expose unsatisfactory insurance features; but the task of the critics is rendered the more difficult by the existing inability of the Board of Trade to compel the companies to make true returns.

### THE INCOMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

DEAR old Pangloss is never tired of impressing upon us how thankful we ought to be for the time of our birth. He admits that the old world, into which we were born, was the best of all possible worlds. But, if we may believe him, this new world into which we have lived is better. Far be it from us to contradict the cheerful old boy. In the first place we love him too well to "snub him when he is in spirits". In the second, optimism is a gentlemanlike pose, and a rare, while pessimism pullulates in every pub. In the third, we would give much to be able to agree with him. For our part, we like to hear honest P. prattle away. But there are times when we feel (with Johnson) that he should not like to hear himself: times when optimism seems indeed a pose hardly intelligible; when we fly to Horace or to Mr. Cunningham Graham who are not so cocksure that all Progress is upwards.

A lady once complained to her gardener of the sameness, "almost to a surfeiting identity", of the desserts which he sent in. "Well, m-m", was his reply, "you can have some of them pears. They eat gritty, but they make a nice change". So with optimism. It is, nowadays, a nice change. We welcome it, and save our faces by pretending to like it—but it eats gritty. To visit the whole of our Paradise, every bush of which is, according to Pangloss, bowed down with blessings, were tedious. One instance will suffice. Says Pangloss, "See what applied science has done for you in the way of correspondence! Steam and electricity have annihilated space and time to make you happy! When I was a boy, a letter took a week getting to York! And it cost a shilling or more! And you can write to the ends of the earth for a penny! And we had no telegraph, no telephone!" No telephone, no telegraph? O terque quaterque beati!

We may mention, in passing, that we entertain grave doubt as to the frequent use of the telephone by Pangloss. Once, and once only, did we see him and the telephone in connexion, and his attempt ended in failure; he could neither hear nor speak for chuckling. But Pangloss is right. There the telephone is for us to talk into. We read, the other day, of an engaged couple, separated by distance, who in two years' time had not interchanged love-letters. They did their billing and cooing by telephone. To us it seems poor Pyramus and Thisbe work. A kissing of the wall's hole, not thy lips at all. But at least it cannot lead to the crackling of thorns under the pot which is heard when love-letters are read in Court. So Pangloss scores again. And for business men, no doubt facility of communication is

a boon. It saves them time, trouble and temper. For ourselves, we say with Du Maurier's little girl, deprived of pudding and told to say grace, "For what they have received make them truly thankful". For steam and electricity have killed the complete letter-writer, and plundered from us our pet pudding. Who writes letters nowadays? Has any up-to-date Daines Barrington lately received a letter from a modern White about the "poor embarrassed reptile" his tortoise? We cannot all expect a White among our friends. Worse luck—no. But though White be dead friendship might live. Friendship might still write to us about its tortoise. Is the hobby-horse quite forgot? What we want to hear from our friends is that which is interesting them. What interests us, we know, but do not impart, because there are three mails a day and a newspaper on every table, and because, if the worse come to the worst, we can telegraph. Three posts a day and the daily paper with its special edition have killed correspondence. That which can be done at any time runs risk of remaining undone, and as for sending news—it will be in the paper. To our mind a sorry substitute for a letter from a friend.

We appeal urbi et orbi whether the following letter be not as good as they make them now. We have invited, say a brother, to come and shoot. He writes "Dear Tom, Thanks. Monday 4.12. Molly, no children—measles. You'll have seen about the coronation" (or what not) "in the papers. Had pretty good view. Yours affectionately, Jack. Molly's love. More when we meet". (When we meet, Jack says "Oh bother the coronation, are there any birds?")

Now, is that a letter? Yet, as Jacks go, and as the incomplete letter-writer goes, is it not a fair specimen? It teems with information. It is excellent telegraphese. Most Jacks only wire "Yes, Monday, 4.12".

What have we done, we poor people now alive, that we have lost our Mrs. Montagu? Mrs. Montagu, the Elizabeth of the letters, did not even require an event to set her scribbling. De omnibus rebus, de re nulla, to her sister, to duchesses, to Stillingfleet of the blue stockings, to that queer old freak Dr. Monsey, scribble scribble, ever readable, almost always delightful, she wrote. And Mr. Montagu was proud to frank the letters. She wrote to show her wit? What is the use of wit, if like the quiet soul whom Charles Lamb loved, you hide it in a napkin? Letter-writing was an art. She could not even begin a letter without floriture. "Dear Doctor" she writes to Monsey "that is, because you have made me well—Dear Sir, because you make me laugh." Do ladies write to their doctors like that now? Poor dears, they have not time. Stilted? Of course a lot of it is stilted: though, even mounted on stilts, she carries her plumes and pretty clothings as deftly as Leigh Hunt's pigeon. Artificial? Not a doubt of it. We do not think that she would have talked of being "long deprived of the pleasure of wandering among the Aromatics of Parnassus", any more than we believe that old Monsey really prescribed, for Lord Godolphin, R Montagu *z*ijss, "Take, of Mrs. Montagu, two ounces and a half", because the sweet youth had his head full of her. That was "the humour of it". She could write unaffectedly enough when she liked. And she did like, often. As to artificiality, quite enough stones have been cast at that poor sinner. For our part, when we cannot get real flowers, even with our hands full of real flowers, we can admire Fantin-Latour's Carnations and thank God for art as well as for nature.

Besides, it is not true that the mannerisms of the letter-writers obscure their humanity. They wrote Euphuism, slang if you will. Learn the slang, and you shall take a deep interest in the bluet and greeneth of Horace Walpole's garden, shall, on his recommendation, try "bootikins" for gout, be half in love with Elizabeth Montagu in spite of her blue stockings, and feel quite sorry that her baby died.

The only letters that do seem to us unreal are the letters of fiction. Scott's own letters are good. Scott's "Guy Mannering" is capital. But the Colonel's letters delight us not, nor Julia's neither. To our ear they are not like letters, they ring untrue. (We take one

instance out of many.) Surely it should be more easy to write a letter for a man of straw than to make him speak? Yet, if we be right, novelists succeed in the latter oftener than in the former. There is, we must suppose, a personality in letters which, pace Pangloss, cannot be conveyed by telephone. It may be said, that to take instances where letters have been published on account of their exceptional merit, and compare them with everyday productions, is unfair. But no one, we think, who has looked through old letters, even by an unknown author, will deny their charm. It happens too often that the writers are near us in time, gone only a little way in front, and then there is much pain. Dead joys and disappointed hopes look at us from every page. But so do pleasant memories, and if there be dead joys there are dead sorrows too, the wounds of which time has healed. But for enjoyment without alloy give us letters removed by a gap of fifty years, or, better, a hundred. We do not assert that letter-writing is a lost art. We are glad to say that we know better, having one or two correspondents who write real letters. Alas! we have many more so incomplete that they can hardly be said to be begun. So, when Pangloss praises the Post Office, his optimism "eats gritty".

#### MEMORIES OF THE OLD RIVIERA.—II.

I DON'T know that any place on either Riviera was more attractive in early days than Spezzia. There was a peaceful beauty about the land-locked bay, a feeling of sensuous repose, tempered by the ripples of lazy life. The boatmen were no lotus-eaters; they were stirred into rivalry by the appearance of a carriage, and would take you anywhere on terms lowered by competition to any description of picturesque craft. There were boats of primitive build, and feluccas and speronares with their long spliced yards, stumpy masts, and brown latteen sails. There were weather-tanned seamen of smuggling cut, like the Jacopo who followed the fortunes of Monte Cristo, and skippers with long sheath-knives in their scarlet sashes, like the Sicilian navigator who went cruising with Dumas. Sailing in tiny craft never tempted me, and the passivity of boating always bored me unless there were trolling rods over the stern. Yet when we dawdled away the bright days at Spezzia or came back from a stiff climb among the hills, it was pleasant to take to the water with an armful of cushions to make you comfortable. Each long, leisurely stroke of the oars opened up some fresh charm, as the sun illuminated that Golden Horn in a blaze of dying splendour, or the moon showed her yellow disc above the sky-line. Who then foresaw the time when it would become a bustling pandemonium of labour, an arsenal and the favourite anchorage of an Italian fleet? Napoleon, the greatest of engineers and road-makers, in the climax of his conquests had not only dreamed of it as the naval station of his new empire; he had actually planned the docks and spent large sums on fortifications; but the dream was baulked by the jealousy of Toulon. The environs were haunted by the memories of Byron and Shelley and of course we made the expedition to the beach of Lerici. The Croce di Malta, with its bow-windows and trim flower-beds reminded me of coaching hostleries in rural Surrey and tempted to linger. Once when we had fancied ourselves rather pressed for time, and the dusty vettura had been run up the yard, we left it standing there through a succession of glorious days. Then there came a burst of a southern monsoon, and we moved on to be storm-stayed in worse quarters. The maidens of Spezzia were decidedly good-looking and they dressed smartly in the way of business. Each morning there was an open-air bazaar before the doors, where pedlars from Tuscany and Piedmont displayed their wares; but the chief article of commerce was the coquettish little straw hats of the country, gaily adorned with artificial flowers. You had to buy them, and at least they had the advantage of being portable, for you could stow away a dozen or two in a hat-box.

To the westward of Genoa the Corniche changed its character. There was more civilised carriage traffic



and infinitely more variety of animation. At any turn you might come across acquaintances. But between Mentone and Genoa there were few fixed settlements of English, and pensions had not sprung up around the posting inns and rare hotels. Pegli and Oneglia were in some sense suburbs of Genoa, whither Italian nobles or wealthy merchants withdrew for the villeggiature and for the most part to villas of their own. Still nearer the city was the much-frequented Albaro, where they showed you the villa Dickens had occupied, when he found to his disappointment that Byron's villa was in decay. Those old-world towns were dull enough, except on the main street that was the posting road or about the fishing boats in the little harbour. But everywhere between was the constant flow of traffic. As the vettura with double-locked wheels descending some rapid gradient swung round a sharp corner, you might shave collision with an ox-waggon laden with blocks of marble, or get mixed up in a train of pack-mules with the execrations of the excitable drivers. There were strings of village donkeys staggering between paniers of dung, and pedlars with their private asses, decked out like the mules of the Spanish Margaritos in gorgeous nets and trappings. There were knots of wiry labourers who had gathered together from the hills, stumping along in search of employment, the sort of fellows they have been turning since then into the light-footed bersaglieri. Good-humoured they generally were, though easily excited by drink. Knives might flash out in friendly fashion in a squabble over the strong red wine in some roadside trattoria where they were resting for the night. But in those days the Corniche was absolutely safe: you never heard of some belated wayfarer being robbed or murdered on the high road between Monte Carlo and Nice.

The "Corniche" was really a misnomer of the road which had been begun by the French as a military way and finished by the Sardinians. The real Corniche was the primitive mountain track, along which traffic had passed from time immemorial. Every here and there you came upon shreds and patches of it, climbing towards loftier altitudes and commanding more magnificent views. If you wandered in the Corniche, seductive as the false paths which led the pilgrims astray on the way to the Celestial City, you invariably came to grief and not unfrequently into actual danger. The footing was sure enough, but the ledge which had never admitted more than the passage of two laden beasts, sometimes narrowed to a yard or less in the face of some beetling precipices; and after forcing your way through a fringe of aromatic shrubs, the next heedless step might drop you over a rock slide. Accidents were few, for the peasants knew the perils and avoided them, and as they said, none but Englishmen or idiots ever tempted the saints in these wild divagations.

Yet I often indulged in a somewhat milder sort of scrambling, when Monte Carlo was becoming the fashion, but before it had become the rage. For one thing I must always be grateful to M. Blanc; he gave me a luxurious base of operations for the exploration of the choicest scenery. When I first saw Monaco, after revelling in the far-reaching seaviews, I was only too glad to turn my back upon it. The streets of the Prince's little rock-perched eyrie were gloomy and filthy, as indeed they are now, and the only inn was detestable. Poor man, he could not help himself, for he was desperately pressed for pocket money! Even before the Revolution that reft him of his capital of Mentone, his revenues were chiefly collected in kind, like "the kain and carriages" of the poverty-stricken Scottish lairds, which meant tithes upon the poultry-yard and corvée-labour. No wonder he and M. Blanc came quickly to terms, with Satan as sleeping partner in the firm. Like all shrewd speculators, the Homburg exile did not stint the money. Getting the Prince under his thumb by splendid subsidies, he inaugurated the new dictatorship with unparalleled lavishness. When I went back to Monaco after his occupation, in place of toiling up a laborious path to the Palace Esplanade, I mounted by the easy gradients of a carriage-drive, with seats at intervals and parapets embowered in bosquets of geranium like the battery of "The Snake

in the Grass" at Gibraltar. Where I had sat solitary before on the sheltered heights between the Riverine Alps and the azure sea, temples to the Goddess of Gain had sprung up, like those of Pæstum or Suggestum, and terraces with statuary and sculptured fountains were shaded by palms and African carobs. I did not care much for those meretricious glories: rouging the face of Nature had ruined her complexion. I never paid M. Blanc much in the way of tribute. But I did appreciate the comforts of his new Hôtel de Paris as a pied à terre. As at Baden when you were between the Kursaal and the Black Forest, there was a piquant contrast between the stiff scramble up the cliffs behind into rifts meandering through thickets of tangled shrubbery, to draw a long breath on the old Port Road—to follow up the ramble till you seated yourself under the plane-tree on the plateau at Gorbio, then to dip down the valley on Mentone and return by train to the table-d'hôte! After dining on the delicacies of the season, you crossed to the Café de Paris for café and chaise, adjourning afterwards to the Casino, to see the celebrities and rascality of Europe paraded before you. A single man need not be over-scrupulous, but the morality and society of the Paris disgusted me. I was grateful one year when I found refuge in the new and rather more remote Victoria, where the company was always relatively reputable and select. But alas! hotels have been multiplied and villas springing up like mushrooms; rocks have been blasted, shrubberies torn down, and from the most exquisite points of view you may be barred out by bricks and mortar. Monte Carlo must always have the traces of her former beauty, but now it is the beauty of the demirep bedizened for the Bal de l'Opéra.

Ichabod: the glory or at least the pleasure is departed.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

#### THE SEDGEWARBLER.

IN early summer moonlight I have strayed  
Down pass and wildway of the wooded hill,  
With wonder as again the sedgebird made

His old, old ballad new beside the mill.  
And I have stolen closer to the song  
That, lisped low, would swell and change to shrill,

Thick chattered cheeps, that seemed not to belong  
Of right to the frail elfin throat that poured  
Them on the stream, their waker. There among

The willows I have watched as over soared  
A noctule making zig-zag round the lone,  
Dark elm whose shadow clipt grotesque the sward

Stretched wide below. On softest breezes blown  
From some far brake the cruising fernowl's cry  
Would stay my steps. A beetle's nearing drone

Would steal upon my sense and pass and die.  
There I have heard in that still, solemn hour  
The quickened thorn from slaving weeds untie

A prisoned leaf or furlèd bloom whose dower  
Of incense yet burned in the warm June night.  
By darkness cozened from his grot to cower

And curve the night long that shy hermit,  
The lowly, banded eft would seek his prey,  
And thousand worlds my silent world would light,  
Till broke the babel of the summer day.

RALPH HODGSON.

## MR. SUTRO'S NEW PLAY.

THE homilist, or setter-to-rights, is a very familiar figure in modern comedy. Who shall number Sir Charles Wyndham's impersonations of him? Who shall number the dramatic complications that he has unravelled, the rough places that he has made smooth, the foolish actions that he has, by his ripe knowledge of men and women, and by his irresistible personal magnetism, prevented in the nick of time, the true lovers that he has united, the all-but-erring wives that he has restored to their husbands? We all know him. We are all impressed by his easy yet judicial manner of listening to a man's account of a quandary. How apt are the questions he interpolates from moment to moment! How significant his "H'm. Go on"! How very sound the advice that he presently delivers, usually concluding with "My dear fellow, leave it all to me"! And then, his management of the lady in question—of any number of little ladies in question! He reads them like a book. Nothing in their fluttering hearts is dark to him. He puts them perfectly at their ease. He seems to agree, in theory, with every word they say. He merely insinuates the suggestion of other views to be taken, other courses to be pursued. But the insinuation, as made by him, is enough. He has sown the seed: the flower follows. His advice is followed to the letter, and all turns out exactly as he, and we under his guidance, had foreseen. And all, needless to say, is well.

Now, I take it that in real life no man has personal magnetism to such a degree that, if he went through life minding other people's business, and instructing everyone exactly how his or her business ought to be transacted, he would not be politely asked to leave whatever house he set foot in. Further, I take it that in real life no man has so perfect a combination of acumen and luck that every human "case" undertaken by him would turn out exactly as he intended it to turn out. In fact, I regard our friend the stage-homilist as a fraud. And I have often wished that some satiric playwright would come and prick the bubble—show the homilist annihilated by the proved fact that his diagnoses had been incorrect, his advice absurd, his stratagems clumsy, and his general effect disastrous to all around him. "Mollentrave on Women", at the S. James' Theatre, is therefore very welcome to me. The bubble is pricked at last. It is true that Mr. Sutro does not show the homilist consciously annihilated. I, who have been so long exasperated by the homilist, would like to see him really suffering. But I am ready to admit that Mr. Sutro's subtler way of dealing with him is perhaps more really unkind. Mollentrave has not the sense to understand even his own senselessness. Having complacently complicated the quite simple affairs of his friends, having seen all his predictions falsified and all his plans miscarry, he is left at the end of the play preening himself on the fact that all has come out well—all having come out well quite accidentally, of course, and in despite of his well-meant efforts.

In Mollentrave Mr. Sutro has directed good satire not merely against a tiresome stage-figure. There are such homilists in real life, too. There really are persons who, studying humanity from a scientific standpoint, and classifying it into various genera and species, pretend to be able to say what such and such a person will do in such and such given circumstances, and are fatuously eager to be consulted in human crises. And these poor pedants pretend to wisdom especially in regard to women. The more incalculable their material the more blithely calculating are they. They are an admirable target for the comic spirit.

"A Comedy" Mr. Sutro calls his play. But it is not really that. "A Philosophic Farce" would be a much better description of it. In a comedy the characters presented are taken from real life without sharp exaggeration, and the incidents are just such as might quite likely be experienced in real life. Mollentrave is a very sharp exaggeration of a type. There's no fool like an old fool, but not even the eldest fool in real life would pretend to such formal and final omniscience in psychology as is pretended to by Mollentrave. Nor is the course of events in the play

at all natural or credible. A middle-aged man, Sir Joseph Balsted, has a female ward, whose presence in the house is irksome to him. She is secretly loved by a young man of her own age, but is herself secretly in love with Balsted. Mollentrave, of course, supposes her to be pining for her coeval, and determines to ease Balsted by bringing the young couple together. Having made the young man acknowledge his feelings, he proceeds to convey the offer of marriage to the girl. But he does his work so clumsily that she imagines that the proposal comes from Balsted. Now, in real life, the simplest thing in the world would be for Balsted to explain the mistake. There, in real life, would be an end of the matter. But in the play Balsted allows Mollentrave to insist on a ludicrous scheme, by which the girl's affection shall be gradually alienated. The total failure of this ludicrous scheme to alienate the girl, and its success in deepening her passion, is the staple of the whole subsequent story. The whole play is founded on an impossibility, and its details are worked out with a conscious disregard of likelihood—with a conscious straining after sheer absurdity. In fact, the play is a farce. I have no objection to that. The scientific expert in affairs of the heart might be well satirised through comedy. But comedy is not the only good means of satirising him. Farce is in itself an equally good medium. All that matters is whether Mr. Sutro has the instinct for satirical farce. Offhand, I should have supposed that he had not the requisite high-spirits. Mr. Arthur Bouchier is still angry with me, inasmuch that I have not seen Mr. Sutro's play at the Garrick Theatre. But I gather from hearsay that it is a very strenuous piece of work. Nor would Mr. Sutro's pious labour in the cause of Maeterlinck predispose me to expect of him a genius for farce. Nor, especially, would my memory of a powerful little tragic play which he published some years ago as a book. However, perhaps in none of these fruits of his activity was to be found the true soul of Mr. Sutro. Into "Mollentrave on Women", again, he may not have infused his true soul. Farce may not be his true bent. But no matter. Enough that he seems to have a very real spontaneous instinct for farce. His high-spirits seem quite unforced, and he has an unflagging inventiveness in absurdities. "Mollentrave on Women" is great fun, from first to last. It would be well worth seeing even if it had no serious satire in it. But the fact that it is a serious satire, and that every part of it is carefully correlated to the satirical idea, does not make it the less a farce.

Everyone who has read the translations of Maeterlinck's plays knows that Mr. Sutro has a nice sense for words and for cadences—a real gift for literary expression. In writing farce he has, therefore, an advantage that he would not have in writing comedy: he can give full rein to his talent for writing. In farce the characters need not talk a natural oral language. Additional fun may be compassed by making them talk like books. Usually farces are written (and, for that matter, so are the other kinds of play) by persons of no literary talent whatever. In avoiding colloquialism, and straining after some sort of classicism, the average writer of farce achieves only stodginess. "Mollentrave on Women" is distinguished by real grace and charm of dialogue. It is not merely the work of a man who knows our language thoroughly. (Scholars are often quite incompetent writers.) It is the work of a man who knows how to use our language, and who is revelling in an opportunity for using it.

On the first night, certainly, the performers spoke their lines too hurriedly. They did not give full scope to the dignity of the words, and so did not get the full fun out of them. Otherwise, they were mostly admirable. The part of Mollentrave is, as I have said, a twofold satire. To get the full effect of it in so far as it satirises a familiar stage-type, the part ought, of course, to be played by Sir Charles Wyndham. But, in so far as it satirises a type in real life—and this, after all, is its more important function—it could not be played more admirably than Mr. Eric Lewis plays it. This is the first time I have seen Mr. Lewis playing the principal part in a play. I should not have been surprised by being disappointed. For Mr. Lewis' method in acting is not unlike that of the pointilliste.



in painting. He makes his every effect, as it were, dot by dot. While he is acting you are always conscious of his method in art. It is only afterwards that the figure impersonated by him stands out in memory as a perfect whole, just as it is only when you retreat a few steps that a pointilliste canvas resolves itself into a picture. Pointillisme in painting is a method that can only be well applied to small canvases. By analogy, I should have feared that Mr. Lewis would not be at his best in a large part. Yet there can be no doubt of his triumph as Mollentrave. With sure artistic sense, he has widened and loosened his method in proportion to the space he has to fill. Miss Marion Terry was charming in a small part. Mr. Faber, as the young man in love with Balsted's ward, acted with real sense of humour. And all the other parts had been well cast, except the part of Balsted. I cannot imagine why Mr. Alexander did not cast himself for it. Mr. Norman McKinnel is an actor whom I have often thought excellent in parts that need gravity and force. Balsted, I admit, is not a light weight. But in a farce even the heaviest character must be played with a light hand. The audience must not feel that the actor is grimly in earnest. They ought to feel that he is consciously contributing to the fun. Mr. McKinnel is very grimly in earnest. He handles the fun as though it were tragedy's own toughest stuff. A blacksmith in a pastrycook's shop could hardly be more amiss.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### SOME NEW GIRAFFES.

AT the Natural History Branch of the British Museum several additions have been recently made to the group of giraffes, and there is now to be seen there the finest representative collection of these animals in Europe. The huge old male giraffe, which for some generations towered above all other specimens of the fauna of the world in the old collection, has at last disappeared. It is true it was a fine and a big specimen—it stood 18 feet high—but it was old and worn, and badly set up; and it has now made way for fresher and better stuffed specimens. The old giraffe had been in the Museum since about 1840, and was, we believe, shot in South Africa during the famous expedition of Sir Andrew Smith in or about the year 1835. In place of this worn-out specimen are now to be seen three magnificent examples of giraffe, hitherto unknown in European collections. These are a female of the Kilimanjaro giraffe (*Giraffa camelopardalis tipelskirchi*), presented by Mr. Victor Buxton, by whom the animal was shot in East Africa, and two examples (male and female) of the Baringo race (*Giraffa camelopardalis rothschildi*), procured with much labour and difficulty by Major Powell-Cotton during his recent expedition through British East Africa and Uganda.

In addition to this fine group is to be seen a large case containing the complete heads and necks of various species or sub-species, some of them hitherto unknown to science. Among these may be noted the Somali giraffe, only discovered within the last dozen years, the North Transvaal giraffe, the Nigerian giraffe, and the five-horned giraffe, a curiosity first made known to Europe some four years since by Sir Harry Johnston. All those interested in wild life and natural history—and most English folk have a distinct leaning in these directions—may now compare the singular variations in type and colouring to be found in this wonderful group of animals. They can note the earliest and most familiar types, the South African and Nubian giraffes, long known to naturalists, and can compare these with the various new and strange forms discovered within the last dozen years. It would, of course, be still better if complete mounted specimens of all the species now represented in the Natural History Museum could be shown. But apart from the difficulties of hunting and bringing down these shy, fleet and retiring beasts, whose habitats are only in remote parts of the African continent, one must remember that the entire skin of a giraffe is of enormous weight, and that the difficulties of getting it to the coast and thence to Europe are often insuperable. Add to these difficulties the fact that but too frequently, in spite of the greatest

care and precaution, specimen skins of the African fauna are found to be ruined by the attacks of various pernicious insects with which hot climates are cursed, especially that bugbear of all naturalists, *Dermestes lardarius*, and it is apparent that the British Museum authorities have overcome no ordinary obstacles in providing the magnificent and representative collection of complete giraffe skins, and of heads, necks, and skulls now to be seen at South Kensington. The visitor inspecting these diverse and interesting specimens may rest assured that he has before him the finest collection of giraffes now to be seen in Europe, or indeed in any part of the world.

Until about ten years since, only one species of giraffe was recognised by scientists, the *Giraffa camelopardalis*, of which the South African form and the well-known Nubian giraffe were notable examples. The Nubian giraffe, found in Kordofan and other parts of the Sudan, was lighter in colour than its southern congener. In this race the chestnut blotches were usually paler and smaller, and the dividing lines of buff wider than in the South African giraffes. There were Nubian giraffes in the Zoo for many years.

In the year 1893 was discovered a completely new species, utterly unlike any other form of giraffe hitherto known to European sportsmen and zoologists. This was the Somali giraffe (now known as *Giraffa reticulata*), a specimen of which was procured by Majors Ward and Finch, while shooting in the Aulihán country, beyond the Webbe Shebeyli. The Somali or Netted giraffe varies in colour from a bright red-chestnut to a dark chestnut-brown, the body colouring, which occurs in polygonal patches, being separated by a network of very thin whitish lines. This colouration and marking is entirely different from that of the older known form of giraffe, which always presented a blotched or mottled appearance; and, viewed at a short distance, so narrow are the dividing white lines on the Somali species, that the animal appears entirely of a red-chestnut colouring. Other examples of this magnificent giraffe have been brought home by Lord Delamere, Mr. A. H. Neumann, and one or two other sportsmen.

From this time forward greatly increased interest has been exhibited in giraffes and their species, and many fresh discoveries have been made by hunters and naturalists. In 1897 a young male giraffe was shot in Nigeria at the junction of the Benue and Niger rivers. To this species the scientific name *Peralta* has been attached. A fine specimen of the head and neck of another example of this race has been quite lately added to the Museum. This, although an extraordinarily pale specimen, gives one the general impression that the Nigerian race is closely allied to the old Nubian form of giraffe. Another West African giraffe, a young male, captured in 1898 in Senegal and brought to the Regent's Park Gardens, where it lived but a short while, was also much paler in colouring, compared with giraffes from South Africa, and from Somaliland, Gallaland and the Lake Rudolf regions. So pallid is the Nigerian specimen now in the Museum that it must have looked almost ghost-like when seen wandering amid its native glades and forests.

In 1901 Sir Harry Johnston procured from Mount Elgon, in British East Africa, a five-horned giraffe, which was undoubtedly new to science. Hitherto it was only known that South African giraffes carried a pair of false horns, immediately in front of the ears, and that occasionally, in some of the northern giraffes, a third horn appeared in the middle of the forehead. These so-called horns, it may be mentioned, are not horns or antlers in the true sense of the word, but are bony growths covered with hair. In the young animals these growths can be readily detached from the head, but by the time the giraffe has attained maturity they are found firmly attached to the bony structure of the skull. It is singular that these additional horns appear so frequently in mature bull giraffes of East Central and North-East Africa, whether they belong to the Somali or other races, and yet are never observed in South African giraffes. This peculiarity seems to be one of the many problems offered by nature of which no solution has yet been found. In a very recently discovered variety, or sub-species, the South Lado

giraffe, shot by Major Powell-Cotton in Uganda a couple of years since, not only are there found the five horns, but a sixth, jutting out from the skull, just over the right eye, also appears.

After much research Mr. R. Lydekker, the well-known zoologist, who has devoted a good deal of time and attention to the subject of giraffes, has separated these animals into two well-defined and distinct species, (1) the Somali or Netted giraffe (*Giraffa reticulata*), and (2) the blotched giraffe (*Giraffa camelopardalis*). Of the blotched giraffe he defines already no less than ten different varieties or sub-species—viz., the Nubian, Kordofan, South Lado, Baringo, Kilimanjaro, Congo, Angola, North Transvaal, Cape, and Nigerian. Whether he is right in distinguishing so many forms time and fresh discoveries alone can prove. From the average observer's point of view it would seem that Mr. Lydekker has relied somewhat too much upon mere differences in colouring—as in his separation of the South Lado and Baringo races. Yet in a single large troop of South African giraffes I have observed extraordinary variations in colouring, ranging from pale fawn in some of the younger animals to orange-tawny in the older individuals; while the markings of the old male and one or two females were of a very dark chestnut, almost black upon the upper portion of the body. Again, even in the South African giraffes, wide differences in marking are frequently to be observed; in some individuals the blotches are loose and far apart, while in others the dark colouring is much wider and closer, and the separating lines are much thinner. We believe, in fact, that although Mr. Lydekker's definition of two principal races of giraffe—the netted and the blotched—is a right and well-founded one, it is by no means yet proved that the ten sub-races, which he defines as belonging to the blotched species, are well established. A piebald, a roan, and a chestnut horse, although offering extraordinary variations in hue, are of one and the same species (*Equus caballus*), and I think that the subdivision of other animals into races or sub-species, solely on account of slight differences in colouring, may be carried much too far. Among some of the new giraffes, it is true, great and striking differences do exist; yet we believe that much more research is necessary before those sub-species we have indicated can be considered as well and accurately settled. The fact is the giraffe diverges immensely in colouring, even, as I have remarked, in the same herd, and it is necessary that a close examination of a very large number of specimens should be made before anything like certainty can be arrived at.

Still it will be clearly apparent, after a visit to the Museum, that within ten years we have gained much new knowledge of giraffes. Great and striking discoveries have been made. It would be of the greatest advantage to science if all hunters and explorers shooting in Africa in future would preserve carefully the head and neck skins of any giraffes that may be killed, together with a brief description of the body and leg colouring and marking. If such records could be obtained in some numbers, it would, in the future, much simplify the difficult task of working out the various races of these animals. One thing is at all events certain. The giraffe still exists in considerable numbers in many parts of Africa. And, thanks to the increased measure of protection assured by modern game laws, it may now be predicted that it will be many a year yet before this animal, which a great naturalist—Rütimeyer—once well defined as “a most fantastic form of deer”, the tallest and in many respects the most wonderful of all the varied fauna of the world, finally disappears from the Dark Continent.

H. A. BRYDEN.

#### CONCERNING DR. ARNE.

CERTAINLY no one living has heard an oratorio of Arne; probably few have heard more than a couple of his songs, “Rule Britannia” and “Where the bee sucks”. Yet in his day he was far more popular than any composer alive now. As I have no intention of writing a series of articles on the forgotten

English musical worthies of the last two centuries, let me say that it is in some remote connexion with my article of a fortnight ago that I set out to-day to say something about Arne and all that Arne represents. That article, it may be remembered, dealt with a thing that does not now exist, French musical criticism. It has aroused the ire of the gentleman who wrote to this REVIEW last week, declaring that my knowledge of history was deficient, &c. That may be true, but it has nothing to do with the case. Neither has the upsetting of Mr. Combes' government much to do with the case. Mr. Combes has fallen from his high estate, because of the stupid brutality with which he carried out certain political and religious changes: the question of the delation in the army was made only an excuse to get rid of an unintellectual, coarse nuisance of a minister. The tell-tale system in the army did not greatly excite any Frenchman known to me—and I know as many as most Englishmen living much in France. But delation is not all. What of the abominable system of secret denunciations which have led again and again to the condemnation of innocent people?

There is another reason why the French have no musical criticism, and that is their triumphant provincialism. For one Frenchman who knows English there are fifty Englishmen who know French. They don't want to know English: they are convinced that we are a nation of barbarians who can teach them nothing. Now provincialism in anything is bad, but for the French provincialism in music, in Dryden's phrase, “is the devil”. If a German musician is provincial he is not much the worse off, for he cuts himself off from comparatively little of value; if an Englishman is provincial (and he generally is) he misses the German masterpieces; if a Frenchman is provincial (and he always is) he loses all the fine music with the exception of Bizet's “Carmen”. The French, as Rousseau told them more than a century ago, have no music, and never will have, and if they do so much the worse for them. Well, they got what they call a music of their own, and so much the worse for the few who have attempted serious musical criticism, for an immense concentration on their own mighty works has rendered them deaf to the qualities of fine music. Berlioz, for instance, though a terrible poseur, had a serious and sincere regard for fine music; yet—read him!—he “enthused” over Meyerbeer as heartily as over Beethoven. He discovered—what no one else before discovered or has discovered since—that everyone was annoyed because “Tannhäuser” was given while he was kept waiting at the door—the backdoor, I suppose—of the opera; and he implies his opinion of the relative merits of Wagner's music and his own by the remark that Wagner's had no style. “And without style!” &c., he explains. Without style, it seems, Wagner's music is played more and more every day; while the music which possessed style—the music of Berlioz—is hardly ever heard save from curiosity or a patriotic motive. The insularity of Berlioz rendered his criticism of little account; and the few other Frenchmen who have essayed criticism have fared even worse.

There is the warped judgment, then, and the lack of material for the critic to work on. This brings me to Dr. Arne, the nominal subject of this article. The other day I showed a Paris musician who honoured me with a visit some old scores that recently came into my possession, and he picked up a volume containing things by Arne. “Arne, Arne?” he said, looking at the words, “c'est Anglais, monsieur?” There was no need for me to exploit that terrible French of mine with which I avenge my country's wrongs at the hands of the French: simply I pointed to four bars as unmistakably English in their plitudinous insipidity as any English cathedral organist could make them. My friend laughed. “Ah!” he said, “just like his contemporary Purcell!” What meaning he gathered from the stream of mingled French and English that flowed from my mouth, I do not know; but I do know what I meant. I meant, Will you French never learn the difference between Shakespeare and Martin Tupper, Turner and Frith (ah yes! they do know that), Arne and Purcell? Any English writer on



music would be ashamed of confounding Rameau with Lully, Josquin des Pres with Ockenheim, but your ordinary educated French musician regards these matters of so little account that he rarely or never takes the trouble to learn anything about them, though he talks and even writes glibly enough.

Later on I meditated on the subject of Arne. Probably I do not know one-hundredth part of his music; yet I know enough to know that the unknown is certain to be like the known. Perhaps a few undiscovered gems may lurk somewhere; but I greatly doubt it. It is the stodgiest English commonplace with now and again a lucky hit. Purcell was a stupendous genius who in a short life wrote a vast quantity of noble music that is oftener played to-day than it was yesterday, and will be oftener given to-morrow than it is to-day. Arne, who in pure musical genius was possibly Purcell's equal, fell a victim to Handel. Instead of remaining sufficiently insular to develop his own English gifts and qualities of imagination, he became the docile slave of a mighty German. He fell because it needs something more than transcendental cleverness to make a great original artist: an original character is required and fearless determination to be true to it. Purcell would never have yielded to Handel: he was too sure of his own genius. Arne was not sure; and, moreover, he became a flourishing trading song-writer. The success of the minute meant so much to him and the prospect of gaining a posthumous immortality in the hearts of men meant so little that he never gave the matter a moment's consideration, but turned out pot-boilers as fast as his pen would go. I have never gone through a complete list of his works and have no intention of doing so; but perhaps it might be worth while rummaging for an hour or so amongst his songs. As for the oratorios, they are so dull that in a couple of centuries it will be impossible to distinguish them from the achievements of Sir Charles Stanford. In fact, now that I come to think of it, it surprises me that someone did not knight Arne. There must have been a grave oversight on someone's part. But he rests in peace. He wrote "Rule, Britannia", which is a fine jingo song and chorus, and "Where the bee sucks", a most lovely song with a character all its own—sweet and delicate and pure as the finest English landscape. Had he written twenty such songs instead of one we English would have had reason to be ashamed of knowing little more of him than my French friend who thought he was a contemporary of Purcell.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE REVOLT OF THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I question whether the gravity of the political situation is realised generally. Hitherto the counties have furnished the backbone of Conservatism. The labourer for the most part has been content to vote under the advice of the publican while pretending to oblige his master. At present he will listen to neither. He has been scared into a belief that a conspiracy exists in order to raise prices all along the line and thereby to diminish his purchasing power. So long as politics did not interfere with him he was willing to oblige both publican and farmer; but when, as he has been taught, his sovereign is to be worth barely ten shillings, up goes his blood. He will vote solid, and against both the master and the publican.

Now all this may be due to lies. The man has been got at, and when he makes up his mind, nothing will influence him. He is not in the habit of reasoning, and arguments, so far from convincing, do but perplex. You may wax eloquent over the Empire. What is the Empire to him? You may assert that the ruin of agriculture will involve him in ruin. He will reply, that if one master cannot employ him, another will, that if Farmer A goes bankrupt, Farmer B will come in his place. He will go farther and assure you that a shilling more or less wage matters little, so long as he

can buy in the cheapest of markets. Here I may remark that Mr. Balfour's scheme of retaliation all along the line terrifies the man even more than Mr. Chamberlain's duty on foreign corn. A halfpenny extra on the quarter loaf might be tolerable, but dearer meat, groceries, clothing cannot be thought of.

In a word the scheme is too aggressive, too ambitious, too far-reaching. Mole ruit sua. If with no flourish of trumpets a two-shilling preferential duty on corn had been carried—and it would have been, had there been no previous fanfare—and if, as would have been the case, the price of bread had not been affected, the way would have been paved for such other preferential duties as would not have injured those of the labouring class who are earning the smallest wage. Instead a fiscal revolution was heralded in such fashion as to give a demoralised Opposition the chance of rallying, and when Mr. Balfour goes to the country, he will come back with a bare following of perhaps two hundred members. We shall be confronted, not with a fiscal but with a social revolution.

COMPTON READE.

### "DING-DONG STUFF."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 8 February.

SIR,—I do not myself cut out and keep my contributions to newspapers. I am all the more touched, therefore, to find that your ingenious "Max" does. His reference in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW to an article of mine which appeared in the "Daily Mail" some months ago both surprised and flattered me. I always have some difficulty in persuading myself that anyone reads what I write. That so distinguished a critic of things temporal and eternal should not only lend me his attention at the moment, but should store me up for reference, naturally fills this breast with emotion. If "Max" had also taken the trouble to understand me, my pride might have gone beyond decent bounds. Perhaps, for my good, it is just as well he did not. At the same time I should be grateful if you would let me point out this omission of his.

It does not follow, because I like "ripe" Stilton, that I want everything I eat to be slightly rotten. Nor is it quite a fair deduction from my liking a melodrama to be "good ding-dong stuff" to suggest that nothing which is not "good ding-dong stuff" could possibly appeal to me. I never thought my friend "Max" would be seen tumbling head over heels into that fatal habit of dramatic critics—refusing to judge plays after their kind. I hope I can appreciate many different kinds of drama so long as each be good of its kind. There is no one formula of perfection in any art. I admire Whistler for his delicacy of perception; Sargent for his broad, bold handiwork; Carolus-Duran for his polished urbanity; Stanhope Forbes for his "good ding-dong stuff". "Max", I suppose, would account the work of the later three as nothing, because they are not Whistlers.

Having decided in my own mind that "The Prayer of the Sword" was melodrama, I treated it as such. I said I liked it because it was "good ding-dong stuff", ding-donginess being of the essence of good melodrama. "Max" would have preferred me to say: "This is not good because it is not a poetic romance, or a farcical comedy". I am sorry I could not oblige him. If "Max" were to say to me:—"You were wrong in calling this good melodrama: it is bad melodrama: you are a fool", he would be within the bounds of reason and his rights. To say:—"You are a fool for calling this good melodrama: I do not like melodrama" is a kind of logic which I am sure they never taught at Merton College. Oxford—or anywhere else.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

### TOWARDS BETTER TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Middle Temple Lane, E.C.

SIR,—Your recent article on the above subject is so interesting that I make no apology for troubling you with comments upon it. You strike exactly the right

note in your remarks upon the attitude of the Teachers' Union towards the London County Council scheme for assisting the supply of teachers. I have had, and still have, many opportunities of watching the policy of these various teachers' unions, and it is only too true that they have become "trades unions" in the most noxious sense of the phrase. It was departmental obtuseness, no doubt, that first caused the elementary teachers to whine about the conditions of their work, about their meagre salaries and their anomalous social status. But the excuse for such Hyde Park clap-trap is past. They have now received a fair recognition of their professional authority, and it is time that they considered their responsibilities rather than their deserts. The public wants no trumpeting of their own importance, no trades union gazette clamouring for a trades union rate of pay; it has a right to expect a more articulate account of their work, a more genuine desire for pedagogic wisdom and, above all, a more serious professional ideal. To provide these things will prove the quickest way for the elementary teachers to achieve their desires, but—like doubting Thomas—they will never believe it.

Yours truly,  
AMBROSE T. RAYNES.

#### "WHO'S WHO" AND ACADEMIC DEGREES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 4 February, 1905.

SIR,—In that useful reference book "Who's Who" are the autobiographies of numerous literary compilers who style themselves "Litt.D.'s", but carefully omit all mention of their university. Are these degrees really genuine, or are they merely letters indicating that the bearer has paid certain guineas for a bogus diploma? Could not the editor of "Who's Who" follow the method of the editor of "Crockford's Clerical Directory" and request each autobiographer to name the university from which he has received this prized distinction with the date of the diploma? Were this system adopted, one would acquire, I feel sure, much geographical information concerning the obscurer portions of the United States and of British America. One fortunate individual, to whose numerous compilations I frequently turn when in search of entertainment, was enabled to call himself "D.Lit." or "Litt.D."—his university (wherever it may be) is probably not particular as to the style—when quite in early manhood, apparently on the strength of having edited somebody's treatise on trade tokens and for contributions to the newspapers. No one can possibly grudge the nonconformist minister the letter business after his name. It merely puzzles his congregation and does no manner of harm. But with men of letters it should be different. When one takes up a book written or edited by a so-called "Litt.D." which proves his utter incapacity for the task he has undertaken, one may be tolerably certain that his name is not to be found in the calendar of any recognised university.

It was one of these sham doctors, I believe, who introduced the practice of appending the letters of his "degree" to his name in his communications to the press, surely one of the most detestable snobisms of the present day.

Yours &c.

GORDON GOODWIN.

#### PRIVATE SLAUGHTER-HOUSES AND THE GOVERNMENT COMMISSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 February, 1905.

SIR,—We have been told that it is impossible to have painless slaughtering unless the butcher is put to a large expense. In the slaughter-house belonging to "The Liverpool Abattoir Company" I was surprised to find with what little suffering the slaughtering was accomplished. This Liverpool slaughter-house is merely a money-making concern, and they employ no extravagant appliances; but each slaughterman performs his task with the skill of a surgeon. If this can be done economically in Liverpool by a private company, surely it can be done throughout the kingdom?

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD EDEN

## REVIEWS.

### THE OXFORD HORACE WALPOLE.

"The Letters of Horace Walpole." Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. IX.—XII. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1904. 6s. each.

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE'S edition proceeds apace. This new instalment of four volumes bringing the work within measurable distance of completion has made its appearance with admirable punctuality, and shows no falling off on the part of its editor in the care with which it has been produced, and the scholarly brevity and accuracy of the notes. From the index it can be calculated that of the eight hundred and seventy-three letters included in these volumes sixty-two are not to be found in Cunningham, and of this number twenty-four appear now in print for the first time. Of these the most interesting unquestionably are the letters in French to Madame du Deffand printed verbatim et literatim from the holograph originals in the possession of Mr. Parker-Jervis, and Mrs. Toynbee has done well to add to her photogravure illustrations an interesting facsimile (ix. 130) of one of these letters. They form as a whole a most instructive little appendix to that historic friendship with his "dear old woman" which death as we can read in vol. xi. at last severed. As with Horace himself, wit remained with the blind and aged Marquise to the end, and the reader will part from her almost with as keen a sense of personal loss as that so acutely felt by her loyal correspondent and friend.

The four volumes before us cover a singularly striking and tragic period of English history, the years from 1775–1783 (May). Horace has turned sixty, he professes now to be an old and worn-out man who has "won his freedom", that is to say has ceased to be a member of Parliament, he is a martyr to constant and severe attacks of gout which cripple everything but his mind, he is stranded at Strawberry Hill out of the ceaseless tides of society and politics in which it was once a pleasure to plunge daily, he is simply an amiable chattering amateur whom some fat sinecures have provided with an ample income, who can indulge his tastes for pictures and "Gothic" art, books and poodles, literature haymaking and village tittle tattle, in a word a depressed and disillusioned spectator of life, content to leave to gay youth an England smitten with madness and rapidly marching to the decay, dissolution, and defeat which its follies deserve. At least that is what he would have us believe he is, and if repetition can produce belief it is not for want of saying so on every other page that he strives to compel his correspondents to accept this carefully drawn portrait of himself. The reality of course is quite different, as these very letters show. Of the crippling and constant attacks of gout there can be no doubt (it would be an interesting calculation to tot up the number of separate onslaughts mentioned in these four volumes) but the Walpole of 1779–1783 is precisely the Walpole who commenced to record with such piquant zest every vibration in the political and social barometer, every variation in the atmosphere of his world, when Sir Robert was fighting the Chippenham election and the sands of his ministry were slowly but surely leaking out more than forty years before. Strawberry Hill is no monastery to which a tired child of the world has slunk for a few years of repose before bidding adieu to scenes that can please and edify no longer. It is as he had planned it, a social Mecca to which everybody comes, and though Horace affects to grumble at the bother of playing guide to his treasures for great French ladies, or Russian princes or German dukes, we can see he would have been very cross had they not persisted in their demands to be "shown over" so famous a home of the Muses and Graces. He has London within call, with now a house in Arlington Street now in Berkeley Square to which he can and does dart when Strawberry Hill bores, and across the Channel there is Paris where he is as welcome as he is in S. James' Street. Is he not too, as he laughingly tells us, "uncle to all the world" with so many nephews and lovely nieces, cousins and cousins of cousins making matches that he is virtually an Intelligence Department for the doings of the only part of society that counts, the world that is enclosed within



the circumference of the charmed circle into which a good Whig is born? So that when Horace professes and protests that he no longer cares for any of these things he is writing with his tongue in his withered old cheek and no one knows it better than himself. For here he is carefully penning a staid and official gazette for Sir Horace Mann, phrased with dignity because these letters will be public property very soon; chatting over literature with Mason and Cole, correcting and criticising plays, reading and estimating everything that comes out; and then probably with a sigh of relief he snatches a sheet of paper to scribble a flying note to Lady Ailesbury or above all to the Countess of Upper Ossory. It is for her in particular that he keeps his naughtiest stories, his most diverting scandal, the latest rumour about the vagaries of the Duchess of Kingston, or George Selwyn's last witticism (too often requiring one would think to be whispered behind a coquettishly prudish fan rather than written out for Mrs. Toynbee to veil in asterisks if need be) or the most recent escapade of that most fascinating of all brilliant scapegraces Charles Fox. And into these letters he sandwiches by his own delightful art serious politics; for Horace can gently tap the lady on the knuckles and tell her that in politics because she doesn't always think George III. an ogre, Lord North a Beelzebub, and the generals (save the mark!) in America nincompoops, she is really a charming and perverse goose. The Countess was more than a lucky woman, yet the reader who gaily follows the Ossory letters must be a very sour and stony-hearted Dryasdust who has not fallen in love with the lady that the imagination so easily pictures from reading between the lines that Horace has written. For she too we infer can rap him over the knuckles when his stories are just a little too-too for a bachelor of sixty to write to a mother with marriageable daughters, and can poke fun and criticism at his perverse whiggery. But she enjoys this inconsequential and continuous flirtation on paper; "my lord" apparently enjoys it too, or such portion as he is allowed to see and we should despair of all these, if they did not, or at least we should not now read it.

Certainly these four volumes are as brilliant and interesting as any of the eight that precede. And they abound with good things, the record of an age that if it could not hold America, or exterminate Wilkes could at least be witty, and produce some great works. It is pleasant for example to come across the records of the appearance of Gibbon's first volume and to find Horace writing enthusiastically to the author and urging all his friends to read and master a masterpiece. Not less pleasant is it to hear him pronounce that after witnessing dozens of silly and stupid plays, "The School for Scandal" is the best comedy he had seen since "The Provoked Husband", which carries his memory back to the days when Sir Robert ruled a free, prosperous and powerful England. But even if you strip away all the literature, all the social gossip and persiflage, all the records of births, marriages, divorces and deaths there still remains a solid body of most valuable historical material, the theme of which is America and America alone. The first mutterings of the storm are heard, growing more and more distinct in vol. viii.; in vol. ix. the storm bursts and thence the reader is led letter by letter through fiasco upon fiasco, disaster upon disaster, hopes and rumours that melt into lies and despair, to the final catastrophe. In re-reading this tragic story as Walpole tells it several points stand out. He is of course from first to last an ardent "American". He believes England is hopelessly wrong, America unquestionably right, and he fears with a sincerity that leaves no doubt that if the ministers succeed it will be ruin for England and England's constitution. That opens up big questions not to be discussed in this connexion. But what is striking is his repeated prophecy uttered even in 1774 that the ministerial policy is doomed to fail, and that failure will mean a very serious disaster—not merely the loss of the colonies but a shattering of England's position in Europe. To his friends who smiled in 1775 at this gloomy prediction he simply replies "wait till we make peace" and in 1783 he recalls the prophecy. That bitter year following on Saratoga and Yorktown was indeed a cruel smart for one who recalled the Seven Years'

War and Chatham. But what is equally interesting and valuable, if not so striking, is Walpole's insight into the causes of the catastrophe. "Orators", he writes in 1780, "we have I believe superior to the most boasted of antiquity, but we have no politicians. Can either the Court or the Opposition boast of a single man who is fit to govern a whole country, much less restore one?" And in numerous other letters while dwelling on the obvious incompetence of the ministers and the generals he puts his finger on the secret of the weakness of the Opposition, "the universal anarchy of opinion". "No three men", as he cries bitterly, "agree on any three propositions". As constructive statesmen with a policy the Whig leaders failed; as members of an Opposition they failed still more signally. And it was their factions that ruined them when Yorktown brought them into office. Walpole's hopes shot up with the return of Rockingham to power; they were dashed with his death; they virtually flickered out with the quarrel between Shelburne and Fox and the audacious formation of the Coalition Ministry. The last half in fact of vol. xii., in which our old parliamentary hand is snugly ensconced behind the scenes, hearing all that was going on and with a half-century's experience of the great game and the players to sharpen his penetrating vision, is as valuable to the student of historical psychology as any in the whole collection. With stupidity fight the gods themselves in vain. Those who have taken the trouble to analyse the inner history of these months in the annals of England cannot but feel that Bismarck when he declared Schiller's apothegm to mean really "that with stupidity on their side the gods themselves fight in vain" might have found support for his interpretation in the events of 1782-3. For despite all their brilliance of gifts and personal fascination the leaders of the Opposition were fettered by an incurable and inexplicable stupidity. Nor was the friendship of Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson, and similar others, as Walpole more than hints, the best training school of imperial statesmanship, as poor Fox would never learn. Vol. xii. breaks off just before the dramatic dénouement has arrived. But the last few letters reflect the lengthening shadows of coming events. "My politics", says Horace, "ended with the American war: I shall tap no more". But turn on a couple of pages. "His [Pitt's] language", we read, "is thought equal to his father's; his reasoning much superior . . . is not all this wonderful at twenty-three?" The hour had struck, and the man had come. To Horace who had seen the downfall of Sir Robert and had witnessed the fiery dawn of Chatham it must have seemed almost a resurrection of his long lost youth to witness the serene and confident dawn of Chatham's son. For he at least knew nothing of Madame Robinson. The sequel (with the index to which all Walpole lovers have been looking) Mrs. Toynbee will doubtless give us before the summer has passed.

#### A HUGUENOT CHAMPION.

"Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France." By A. W. Whitehead. London: Methuen. 1904. 12s. 6d. net.

TO some a hero, to others merely an heretical traitor, Coligny, in common with all leaders of religious parties, has been held up for indiscriminate admiration or damned with unmerited abuse. At the present day Catholics can join with Protestants in paying just tribute to a distinguished son of France, whose inspiring personality was the guiding star of Huguenotism until it set in the crimson haze of S. Bartholomew. With considerable military genius, and vast military experience, the Admiral was a great, if not a brilliant, general, but had his soldierly qualities been less than they were he would still command respect, for in an age of intrigue he never schemed to advance his own interests but subordinated self for the sake of the cause he represented. By nature stark and a stern disciplinarian, the renowned Protestant leader is a severe rather than an attractive figure. Upright, incorruptible, and generally just, though sometimes pitiless, Coligny secured both the devotion of his followers and the concen-

trated enmity of opponents who, unable to understand simplicity of character, were often misled by his singleness of purpose. This straightforwardness has to be reckoned with in forming an opinion on certain incidents in Coligny's career, for it helps to explain such a damaging admission as the statement made by him that he had heard Poltrot remark that he could easily slay the Duke and had done nothing to dissuade him. The question how far Coligny can be held culpable for the killing of Guise has been often argued: the facts taken together are sufficient to acquit him of being an accessory, and there is some set-off to his callousness in taking no steps to prevent the murder and in his expression of joy when informed of the Duke's fate, that no one looked upon political assassination as other than a venial offence. Mr. Whitehead in his study of Coligny lets none of the evidence escape him and reasons with such effect for the defence that it is unlikely the generally established verdict of not guilty can ever be reversed. It is a more difficult task to clear the name of Châtillon from a charge of trafficking with the enemy. It is excellent intellectual exercise to quibble over the Treaty of Hampton Court, but the fact remains that Condé and Coligny were parties to a treasonable bargain with England and this cannot be got over by hair-splitting. The points made by Mr. Whitehead are interesting as they tend to absolve Coligny of double-dealing but they approach dangerously near to special-pleading. After all—these negotiations with England were no worse from the moral point of view than the calling in of mercenaries to harry the fairest districts of France and in this respect Catholics were not one whit more scrupulous than their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The amount of blame attaching to the Huguenot leaders for making free use of foreign help depends upon the standpoint taken and before censuring them it is better to consider the motives which prompted their action, their legal position, and the situation in which they found themselves placed. Most of the principal actors in the wars of religion were mere Gallios but Coligny was a religious enthusiast. It is impossible to agree with Mr. Whitehead that the Admiral in seeking aid from Elizabeth was patriotic. Religious zeal was the mainspring of all Coligny's actions: it dictated his foreign policy and sharpened his wits to oppose Spanish aggression; it governed his attitude in every public affair; the desire to benefit his co-religionists directed his efforts to colonial enterprise, and drove him against his natural inclinations to plunge his country into the horrors of civil strife.

The legal position of the Huguenot chiefs really stands or falls with the acceptance or denial of the existence of a right to resist, but the generally received opinion of the day that the government of the kingdom belonged to the Princes of the Blood gave them some authority to pose as leaders of a constitutional party, and perhaps they honestly believed that English troops and German mercenaries might be fairly counted as the King's friends; be that as it may, the armed assertion of constitutional rights has been sometimes given the ugly name of rebellion. Granted the Huguenot could lay some claim to be considered a constitutional party, Mr. Whitehead is scarcely justified in going further and calling them "in some degree at least the National party" for the great mass of the people had no sympathy with the Protestant movement and the Huguenots—always in a decided minority, barely able to hold their own without help from abroad—never failed to ask aid from the stranger when it suited them to do so. Patriotic they certainly were not, but patriotism was not a thing of that age and Coligny's ideas were not in advance of his time. It was an accident that the interests of Huguenotism accorded with the interests of France, it is therefore quite as misleading to call Huguenot aims national aims as to style Coligny a patriot. One thing is certain—without Châtillon Huguenotism could never have made the sturdy fight it did. Its military successes were not sufficiently great to account for the influence it exercised in council. Helped by the dissensions of its opponents, and Catherine's hatred of Spain and fear of the Guises it always managed to obtain terms which its

arms alone were not strong enough to exact: that it could do this was due to the genius of Coligny, whose statesmanlike abilities enabled him to take advantage of the weak points in the enemy's harness. Devoid of military ambition, preferring peaceful methods, the Admiral resorted to negotiations, whenever it was possible to do so without injury to the Protestant cause—but God's instrument the sword hung ever ready in the scabbard, and once unsheathed what misery for France! His sincerity is above suspicion and disarms criticism, but the wars of religion make painful reading and even the military student can derive little pleasure from the history of campaigns in which tactics were continually hampered by a mutinous soldiery and strategy ruled by the necessity for providing loot. Characterised by senseless violence and want of chivalry these religious struggles have nevertheless one slight compensation: they gave a grim opportunity for a test of character, and the manner in which Coligny held together beaten troops and finally led them to victory reveals besides capacity for generalship the great qualities of fortitude and indomitable perseverance. Mr. Whitehead is by no means the first to feel the magic of Coligny's name, but though it inclines him to be gentle to the great Admiral, it never dulls his historic sense. He gives Catherine her due, is fair to the Guises, the old Constable, and even the miserable puppets whose lot it was to wear a crown at a time when France needed most a man to wield a sceptre. Mr. Whitehead's book is distinguished by a Teutonic thoroughness, and no subsequent writer on the period can afford to neglect it. Perhaps the attempt to liken Coligny to Cromwell is rather forced, for the clear intellect of Coligny had little in common with the confused brain of the great Puritan: the Admiral was gifted with a sound constructive faculty and though a zealot was no mystic. Had his conscience allowed him to remain within the pale of the church of his baptism, he might have done a more useful work for his country.

#### PALIO AND PONTE.

"Palio and Ponte." By William Heywood. London: Methuen. 1904. 21s. net.

"MR. WILLIAM HEYWOOD seems to me", says Mr. Hewlett in his "The Road in Tuscany", the review of which we regret has been so long delayed, "the only English writer who really knows, and has been able to convey, the specific nature of this extraordinary people [the Sieneze]". This is a strong judgment, but in its essence it is just and true, in its character well merited, and in its time of delivery most opportune. Mr. Heywood does not enjoy a tithe of the reputation he deserves, possibly because he has hitherto preferred to publish in Siena itself rather than in Paternoster Row or Covent Garden, but the present volume, beautifully illustrated and admirably produced by Messrs. Methuen, which moreover in itself, we take leave to think, is a notable advance upon anything the author has hitherto done, should give him at once front rank among English exponents of Italian matters mediæval.

Mr. Heywood's title conveys but a faint idea of his book. There is an account of the Palio certainly, in particular of the Siena Palio, and there is an account of the famous Giuoco del Ponte of Pisa (Giuoco del Mazzascudo); but there is very much more. Even the sub-title "An Account of the Sports of Central Italy from the Age of Dante to the Twentieth Century", does not let us into the secret of the book. For Mr. Heywood, in describing the games of Tuscany and Umbria, takes us deep into the ambiente, historical and religious, of their origin and growth, and it will be found by the time we are through the book, that we have read much of the history of Siena and something also of the history of Pisa and Perugia. It is an unusually sober book, almost wholly concerned with the exposition of fact, and though sober, it is ever agreeably aglow with the scholar's enthusiasms. Mr. Heywood's knowledge is profound; his scholarship exact; his style and expository method clear and systematic, equally free from prosiness on the one hand



and pyrotechnics on the other, while (thank God!) there is no "psychology" in the book. The writer walks with nimble and sure feet among the byways of the middle ages, and in a mere attempt to describe the games of old Italy, living faithful vivid glimpses of the times to which they belonged spring, as it were unbidden, out of the fulness of his knowledge as companion pictures to the subject he has in hand. Another gift that Mr. Heywood possesses in a marked degree is that of the translator: extracts are frequent, and his translations, models of style and treatment, contribute greatly to the polish of a book whose whole ensemble is easy and workmanlike. We care for the author least in the last chapter "The Modern Palio": it is exact, of course, but fails to thrill, though English mid-August visitors to Siena will be tempted to think it the most valuable chapter of all. But, to make an elaborate matter quite plain, our judgment of "Palio and Ponte" is that it is one of the best books ever written by an Englishman about Italy.

Mr. Heywood humorously speaks of the Modern Palio as a theme which is too lofty for his "grovelling Northern wits". That is a jest of course, but in sober earnestness these same Northern wits do lead him into an occasional error of judgment, as for instance: "Except in sickness or old age, the mediæval Italian was conscious of few restraints. His belief in a literal burning hell had done much to sap the foundations of his morality, and to render him callous and selfish; while the Church had established an impassable gulf between the religious and the ethical duty." The reader will begin to wonder at our high praise of Mr. Heywood's acquirements, for this sentence reads like that of a man who had never read a book about the middle ages, except through strong twentieth-century spectacles. But we can assure the reader that Mr. Heywood's knowledge of fact is all that we have proclaimed it: this singularly erroneous opinion can only be due to the nebulousity of Northern wits not yet fully dispelled even by the beneficent sun of Siena. The belief in hell made for, and not against, the observance of moral precepts in the middle ages. Hundreds and thousands of the least callous and most unselfish souls that ever lived (Mr. Heywood's paragons S. Catherine and S. Bernardine among them) have gone across the world's stage believing in a "literal burning hell", and the belief assuredly never "sapped the foundations of their morality". Mr. Heywood's statement that the Church established (!) an impassable gulf between the religious and the ethical duty, leaves us in complete fog. We seem to catch in it the far-away echo of early post-Reformation methods of writing history, but cannot suppose that one so deeply imbued with a knowledge of the middle ages really believes that immorality ever received the ex-cathedra sanction of the Church. But, as we have said, we do not profess to understand the curious statement.

The Medici, of the princely house, are a veritable bugbear to Northern wits. Mr. Heywood appears to have some quarrel with Cosimo I., though he is not over clear about it. "The first Cosimo", he tells us, "was no fool". Astounding intelligence! Mr. Hewlett has called him a "bully", Mr. Gardner a "ruthless" ruler, the host of the commonplace a "tyrant", but who has ever called him a "fool"? "In his early edicts", Mr. Heywood goes on, "he intitled himself Duke of Florence and Siena, as if his dominion over the two cities was separate and diverse". But it was separate and diverse, and not over the two cities merely, but over the two Republics: he was hereditary doge of the Republic of Florence, and hereditary doge of the Republic of Siena. Mr. Heywood evidently suspects Cosimo of taking some base advantage in maintaining, as he was bound to do, the separate existence of the Republic of Siena, but he is not clear on the subject. It is disappointing, moreover, to find so exact a scholar lapsing into the vague generalisation that the "main panacea" of the Medicean princes for contenting their subjects was "the Machiavellian prescription of 'tenere occupati i popoli con feste e spettacoli'". Machiavelli never laid down any such prescription with the base motive which is here attached to it. After enumerating, in the twenty-first chapter of the "Principe", some of a ruler's duties,

all of them lofty, he adds: "The prince should, beside this, at the right seasons of the year, keep his people occupied with festivities and shows". What pleasanter duty could there be for a prince than to bring a little merriment into the lives of his subjects? Constant festivities are not contemplated, nor numerous holidays, but Mr. Heywood by dropping, unaccountably in so exact a student, the expression "nei tempi convenienti dell' anno", makes Machiavelli Machiavellian, when he is simply enunciating a maxim of generous and enlightened governance. Mr. Heywood's concern in this book has been the exposition of fact and in this he has splendidly succeeded, but these lapses cause us to fear that in a more ambitious book, where judgment and opinion would play a greater part, he might not prove an altogether impartial and unprejudiced exponent. But we would end as we have begun, with the clear sound of praise, most heartily commending the present work to the particular notice of all students of mediæval Italy.

#### GARDENING AND BIRD-BUTCHERY.

"A Gardener's Year." By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. Longmans. 1905. 7s. 6d.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S diary has the advantage of being addressed to a single definite class, the owners of gardens of about the same scale and pretensions as the author's. Its not applying to the needs either of humbler or of more ambitious workers is, in view of the modern output which provides alike for the half-holiday villa gardener and the bemedalled hybridist, no great matter; it is the particular scope of the book, its occupation with the country gentleman and his grounds of two or three acres of all sorts—flower and kitchen quarters, lawns, shrubberies, orchards and glass-houses—that gives it its proper value. Not only is the instruction conveyed fuller and more intimate by being less general, but it has several virtues, positive and negative, not too common in literature of this kind. There is an entire absence of that pride of science which is so fatally easy for the professor, and so certainly brings its punishment of unintelligibility with it. Though the chapters are not at all formally didactic, a plain man might learn from them more than he would from whole shelves of guides and dictionaries of the common type. There is nothing of the superiority—unintentional, no doubt, but apt to raise blisters in the temper of the everyday amateur—which pervades some most accomplished gardeners' descriptions of their lilia or their hellebores; on the contrary, there are almost always present refreshing signs of the sense of wonder and admiration, there is a readiness to confess ignorance, and to resign those puzzling sums of Nature's which so often refuse to work out. The veriest beginner will find a fellow-feeling in the pages; the author does not forget his novitiate, indeed he often suggests the character "semper homo bonus tiro", and here the good man is seen struggling with the adversity of a not too kindly climate, at its worst in an exceptional season. The more years than he cares to remember, spent as a gardener in sundry lands, have left him a happily open mind. There are gardeners with a much narrower field of experience than his, who will almost envy him some of his discoveries, made in the course of his year's journal, or still to be made. It is trebly dangerous to dogmatise on garden affairs, hardly safe even to infer for one county facts learned in the next one; yet a censoriously minded critic might ask why the sure safeguard of red lead against mice should not have been applied to broad-beans as well as to peas? Why the ravages of the fungoid *Peronospora* upon *lilium candidum* should be attributed to a grub? why the turf was dug in when grass land was taken into the garden, and so the inevitable wireworm—even if he were related to the daddy-longlegs—hospitably entertained? But this comes near to carping; all good gardeners will welcome the positive quality of enthusiasm, the model of wholesome and useful employment by the following of which a multitude of country gentlemen might notably improve their properties and their parts. It is evident from the book that at Ditchingham the master's hand takes its share

in the more solid works, the digging of the orchard and the "fying out" of the ditches; and in that full share of the business lies the secret and true meaning of all the gardener's craft. The garden depicted is typically an English one, and the year's harvest, won in the teeth of local aggravations of one of the worst seasons on record, may well inspire a discouraged brother to take down the spade and try again.

In one point "A Gardener's Year" shows a want of balance; we hear rather too much about the orchid houses in proportion to the general operations. The hobby is a delightful one, but among the public which the book will reach it is not probable that many readers are fitted to catch the glow of the author's enthusiasm for his *Cymbidium Tracyanum* or his *Angraecum Sesquipedale*; and we know that enthusiasm which does not transmit itself is instant boredom. On yet another point exception must be taken, and more gravely; on the out-lawing, that is to say, of the bullfinch as *hostis humani generis*, who as such is to be butchered whenever he is met with in a fruit orchard. "When it is a question between no pears or plums and bullfinches", says Mr. Haggard, "I fear the bullfinches must go". In a gardener of his attainments this edict is both a blunder and a sin. In the first place, the dilemma is not sound: a few pounds' worth of sprat-netting, of half-inch mesh—the cost, say, of a tolerable *Cypripedium* at Messrs. Prothero and Morris—will secure the dwarf trees such as he describes not only from bullfinches, but from the more insinuating tits. But even were prevention impracticable, the slaughter of one of the most beautiful English birds for the sake of an amateur's dessert is mere barbarity. The grower whose living depends on his orchard may need no pardon for using the gun; but the recreative gardener assuredly does. The author seems, in these matters of life and death, to be in a state of transitional opinion, a curiously illogical frame of mind apparently not uncommon at present among country dwellers. He is eloquent upon tragedies in spiders' webs and wasps' nests; he shrinks from drowning a trapped mouse; he admits—an excellent admission in a country gentleman—that he feels qualms about covert shooting "till the rocketers begin to fly"; yet for those *Bons Chrétien*s—"so few of them that it scarcely matters" (and gritty into the bargain, one guesses, in such a season)—every bullfinch is to be shot at sight. It is to be hoped that in another "Gardener's Year" we shall find the transition of opinion completed and a logical standpoint thought out, which shall stop at defensive measures in the orchard, and leave the little black and rose marauders—a contrast of colour no orchid ever came near—to the police of Nature's law.

#### SCIENTIFIC WORK AT THE GORDON COLLEGE.

"First Report of the Wellcome Research Laboratories at the Gordon Memorial College, Khartoum." By Andrew Balfour. Department of Education, Sudan. 1904.

SINCE the end of 1902, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, research laboratories have been attached to the Gordon College under the directorship of Dr. Andrew Balfour, whose duties seem to have been manifold and far beyond the power of any one man. Before the full advantage of this generous gift is gained the staff will have to be considerably increased, especially by the addition of an economic botanist and zoologist. That much excellent work has already been done by the director can be seen from the report now issued which also contains lengthy articles by Mr. F. V. Theobald to whom the entomological part of the work was entrusted. A general introduction is given explaining the objects of the research laboratories and describing their arrangement. To judge from the illustrations and accounts, they are fitted with every modern requirement. No less than sixteen pages deal with "Mosquito Work in Khartoum" and in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Three maps are given in connexion with this subject showing the breeding places and distribution of the three disease-bearing groups of mosquitoes (*anophelina*, *culex* and *stegomyia*) throughout the town.

This work is important, for we know the common mosquito—*Culex fatigans*—found so abundantly in Khartoum is a carrier of filariasis; and elephantiasis, a form of this disease, occurs in the Sudan. No less than 600 wells were found in the town that formed breeding places for this insect. A single anopheline—*Pyretophorus costalis*—alone is native to Khartoum, being a malarial and filarial-bearer it is a source of constant danger. This and other mosquitoes, we are glad to see, have been waged war upon by a mosquito brigade and doubtless this desert city will soon be freed from the chances of a possible outbreak of malaria. A useful skeleton map illustrating the distribution of *Culicidæ* found on the Blue and White Niles, and on the Sobat, Baro and Pibor rivers during November and December 1903 is also given.

Amongst a few casual notes on Biting and Noxious Insects we observe recorded the tsetse fly in the Sudan. A serious attack of plant lice on *dura* is dealt with; the particular species known as the "asal" or "honey fly" is described in an article by Mr. Theobald under the name *Aphis sorghi*, nov. species. It is interesting to note that this very harmful plant louse has two abundant natural enemies in the form of lady bird beetles which prey upon the aphides in both their young and mature stages. This destructive insect and its enemies and also the melon bug are illustrated by excellent coloured plates. A coloured plate is also given of some blister beetles found in the Sudan and a few notes upon smut fungus attacking the *dura*. Much work will have to be done on the *dura* diseases, for *dura* furnishes one of the staple articles of food and failure from disease leads to famine and consequently loss of revenue to the Government. In the section dealing with general routine work there is an interesting résumé of the diseases, of the Sudan. From examinations of blood, malaria (known by the native name of humma) was found to exist in all three forms. A few cases of filariasis are recorded, but so far not a trace of trypanosomiasis has been observed. The ankylostome worm, the cause of our miners' disease, is common amongst the Egyptian soldiers and often very severe, but does not seem to be indigenous in the Sudan. The bilharzia or so-called endemic hæmaturia is also found to be frequent amongst Egyptian soldiery. Natives, especially women and children, are recorded as suffering severely from pulmonary phthisis, apparently due to living in ill-ventilated mud-huts. Leprosy occurs all over the Sudan and many other diseases are mentioned. The subject of diseases amongst the natives is one which we shall hope to see fully treated in the next report.

An article on "Eosinophila in Bilharzia and Dracontiasis" that had previously appeared in the "Lancet" is reprinted in the report. The varied nature of the work done is shown by the fact that besides the subjects mentioned there were numerous analyses of alcoholic liquors, water, milk and soils and such things as examination of blood stains in a case of suspected murder. Mr. Theobald also contributes a long paper, amounting to over one-fourth of the whole report, on "The Mosquitoes of Egypt, the Sudan and Abyssinia". Several new species and a new genus of these insects are described. This part of the report is also excellently illustrated by four plates of photographs of wings and wing-scales of Sudanese mosquitoes and two coloured plates illustrating the chief forms found in the Sudan and some of the new species. The whole work is neatly bound and contains also pictures of the Gordon College, museums and an excellent series of views of breeding-places of mosquitoes in and around Khartoum.

#### NOVELS.

"The Secret Woman." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen. 1905. 6s.

Mr. Phillpotts continues to draw tragedies from his Dartmoor quarries, and is to be congratulated on the variety of the human interest that he discovers in the Moor. His new story, however, is constructed according to his established formula: minute descriptions of



scenery and atmosphere, sharp play of human passions, and the prattling of a rustic chorus. The story on this occasion is strong enough to stand on its own feet, its scene might with equal propriety have been laid elsewhere, and thus the over-elaborated rhapsodies on the aspect of the country are somewhat irrelevant. The reader, in fact, is put upon a see-saw, and as it swings under him with monotonous regularity looks alternately into the faces of the actors and the surrounding landscape. A farmer's wife, a remarkable woman finely drawn, discovers her husband's unfaithfulness, murders him in a fit of passion, and is prevented by her younger and better-loved son from giving herself up to justice and securing peace for her soul. Her elder son is a weak and imaginative youth, Hamlet as it were in the dress of a Devon farmer, and with his vacillations and self-torture much of the book is filled. The author is falling into a trick of moralising: the story would make a sharper impression if the characters were allowed to tell unaided their own story. When the "secret woman" whom Anthony Redvers had loved learns the nature of his death and reveals herself, bent on revenge, to the remorseful wife, we must part company with Mr. Phillpotts. His treatment of the behaviour of the two women seems to us fundamentally false, and the fifth act which brings peace to the survivors of the tragedy is unconvincing. But he has handled well the effect upon several lives of the sudden revelation of the double secret. Up to a certain point no one had even guessed the identity of Anthony's mistress, and only his sons knew their mother's guilt.

"At Sunrise." By Herbert Spurrell. London: Greening. 1905. 6s.

One marvels at the choice of "the early first century" in Britain, as the setting of a story. It is impossible to express the thoughts, or to imitate the manner of speech of a primitive people who have left no literary monuments, and even when there are documents obtainable, such as the early English poems of the sixth and seventh centuries, neither their phraseology, nor their mode of thought can be reproduced, or conveyed in a modern tongue, owing to the comparative poverty and inadequacy of the infant language. Even the material of facts, and descriptions, derived from Cæsar, is but scanty and certainly not enough for the construction of a romance in the hands of such an inexperienced story-teller as Mr. Spurrell. His characters whether British, Roman, or Phœnician use the terms and express the ideas of modern systems of thought; the style both in description and in dialogue is sometimes absurdly pedantic and affected, and sometimes commonplace and even ungrammatical. To talk of a Roman "scullery-maid" and Roman "drawing-rooms" hardly suggests a classic atmosphere. There are innumerable careless and ill-worded phrases such as "the lot of all us women", "absorbed in suchlike dreams", "in the character of the man before her a cataclysm was latent". And what is more characteristic of an incompetent writer than a paragraph beginning "Needless to say—". Now and then in the rambling dull course of the story there are incidents which are quite exciting in a Rider-Haggard kind of way; such as the description of the terrible fate which befell El-Harokel, the wily Phœnician, in his search for the Druids' treasure—Mr. Spurrell, by the way, has an extraordinarily hearty dislike for the Druids, and devotes several pages to abuse of priestcraft and sacerdotalism, which is probably intended for much more modern ecclesiastics than the Druids.

"An Act in a Backwater." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

Mr. Benson has produced a novel in which no one plays bridge or breaks the seventh commandment, and the task appears to have been somewhat of an effort. Into a quiet cathedral town, dominated by a retired colonel who on the slightest of grounds claims kinship with the local county magnate, descend the young son and daughter of that very peer. They make it clear that they have never heard of the colonel's existence. The author is a little puzzled, it would seem, as to the proper treatment of such materials. He has chosen, in

fact, to work with the machinery of Trollope's novels, but he lacks Trollope's touch. His colonel is as great a bore on paper as he would be in life, but it was a little unnecessary to make him a humbug boulder and coward. The snob is not necessarily any of these things. We are given an outbreak of typhoid, a conflict of religious views between mother and son, and a love affair which begins with a sketch made by a painter of an unknown girl keeping a dripping retriever at bay. The heroine's aunt is amusing, but the whole story is very slight, most of the characters are sketchy, and Mr. Benson has hardly succeeded in understanding his backwater. He is more in his element among the rapids and whirlpools of London.

"Captains of the World." By Gwendolen Overton. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

It is said that the tastes of American readers are passing from historical fiction to fiction dealing with social politics, with the interdependence of capital and labour, the influence of trusts and other substantial bogeys. Miss Overton's novel belongs to the new dispensation. At the outset she plunges us amid the roaring furnaces, the heat of molten metals, the dangers and fascinations of a great "plant". At the outset, too, she lets us see that the only daughter of the rich plant-owner and the stalwart workman who in the sweltering heat draws his shirt across his manly chest on her approach, are to be principals in the story. Beatrice Tennant's father would not employ union men in his works. Neil Manning joined the union and was instantly dismissed. Tennant was murdered and of course suspicion pointed emphatically at Manning. It is a story well set out, by no means badly written and one which gives evidence of some acuteness of observation, and considerable descriptive ability. For the sake of the sentimental it may be pointed out that the wealthy Beatrice dispossesses herself of her riches for the public good and thus her renunciation and Neil's advancement remove any such disparity as might have barred the anticipated close.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A History of the Indian Mutiny." By G. W. Forrest. 2 vols. London: Blackwood. 1904. 38s. net.

In these volumes Mr. Forrest has republished the introductions or historical narratives which he prefixed to the selections from the archives of the military department of the Indian Government which were compiled under his direction. The original work has already been reviewed at some length in these columns. Though some corrections and additions have since been made the alterations do not appear to be of any substantial importance. It is undoubtedly well that, as Mr. Forrest says, these systematic narratives of the fierce struggle which succeeded the military insurrection of 1857 should be brought within easy and convenient compass for the large number of persons who take an interest in the most astonishing episode of our imperial annals. The production of the work in its present form requires no apology. But it is however scarcely accurate to entitle it a History of the Indian Mutiny. It is, with the necessary introductory and adventitious matter, the story of the military operations which centred around the three great strongholds. Delhi where the mutineers gathered for their defence—Cawnpur and Lucknow where the English race with a handful of loyal and devoted Indians heroically stood at bay. From its scope the work does not come into competition with the fuller histories of Kaye and others but rather supplements them, and develops the military aspect of the general narrative. It excellently fills a place of its own and deserves a cordial welcome wherever the English language is spoken and wherever deeds of heroism and endurance are honoured. Mr. Forrest writes in a spirit of moderation and with freedom from race prejudice. His book is improved by some useful maps and interesting engravings and possesses an index which will facilitate reference to original records and authorities.

"The Log of the Griffin." By Donald Maxwell. London: Lane. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

It is certainly rather an original idea to set to work to build a yacht on the top of a Swiss mountain with the purpose of sailing to the Thames, and an account of the experiences of the gentleman who undertook this somewhat erratic feat is certain to be of interest in the sporting world, for most assuredly the conception of the idea is a distinctly sporting one, and so far as we are aware entirely original, wherein lies no small part of its merit. Mr. Maxwell while residing in the

village of Toggenburg high up in the Swiss mountains and twenty miles from any navigable water became suddenly imbued with the curious idea of constructing a boat in which he could pass down the various streams, rivers, lakes, canals and estuaries to the sea, and he commenced operations with twenty miles of mountain to his disadvantage. The enterprise however after a series of minor adventures, and one or two of a distinctly dangerous character, is successfully accomplished, and the "Griffin" sails triumphantly up the Thames under "a running fire of merciless chaff" from the Thames watermen, to which the author says he found "fragments of Flemish in way of repartee, the most serviceable". The book is pleasantly written, and contains some really good descriptions of lake and river scenery, together with that of the old towns passed through en route, and the vein of chaff running through the book, if it does not amount to brilliant wit, at all events indicates in the author a cheerfulness of temperament in uncomfortable circumstances which is highly praiseworthy. The account of the walk of the skipper and the mate of the "Griffin" from Wilhelmstadt to Sevenbergen is really funny. The volume contains a quantity of illustrations, some in black and white, and some in colour, all well done; in fact the book is well got up and serves to pass an unoccupied hour or two. The experiences of the author may possibly incite some very young gentleman to imitate his venture. We hope if he does so however that he will not also think it necessary to write a book, for this kind of story once told and well told, as this is, is amusing, but it will not stand repetition. We should however be more of the opinion that the discomforts which attended the author on his cruise will in most cases act as a deterrent from any attempt of the kind in the future. The book is certainly worth reading by those who are interested in aquatic sports.

"Westminster Abbey," painted by John Fulleylove and described by Mrs. A. Murray Smith (7s. 6d. net), is a volume in Messrs. Black's series of Place and Picture Books. The illustrations, highly coloured, are up to the average of such work and Mrs. Smith is an active guide. Personally, we have the fancy to be in the Abbey guideless; but if we were to be conducted we should prefer Mrs. Smith to the official. This volume is stocked with fact.—"British Rainfall for 1903" (Stanford. 10s.) has been compiled by Hugh Robert Mill. It embodies the observations of correspondents in nearly four thousand stations in Great Britain and Ireland. There are scientific tables and remarks on the "Three wettest years" (1872, 1877 and 1903) and on the subject of evaporation.—Mr. Murray has brought out Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers" in a solid, "popular edition" (4 vols. 3s. 6d. each) illustrated chiefly by half-tone blocks. It is printed in good bold type.—We grow a little shy of bulky tomes on Thoreau, Emerson and other American writers of their schools. No doubt they appeal to American readers largely and properly: they have no absorbing interest for English people. We are better pleased with Emerson's and Thoreau's own works. "Emerson Poet and Thinker," by Elizabeth Luther Carey (Putnam, \$3.50), is one of the latest of these books. It has entertaining personal touches, though these do not appear to be the result of intimate knowledge of the man. "To what we call pure animal spirits he was entirely a stranger. Even as a boy his habit was to smile where others would laugh, nor could he perceive the happy charm of beauty, spontaneous laughter." Laughter Emerson described as "a seneschal and detective". For the purification of drawing-rooms, he held, "these entertaining explosions should be under strict control".—"The King's Homeland" (Black) is a book of important appearance with the Royal arms on its cover. It is by Mr. W. A. Dutt and Mr. H. Rider Haggard supplies an introduction. We might have supposed that Mr. Dutt little needed introducers in a book on Norfolk. Mr. Dutt is a very good writer on Norfolk scenery and antiquities. In this volume he deals almost entirely with local history. Mr. W. A. Nicholson contributes a short article on "Rare Plants in the Sandringham District".—"Records of the Stirlingshire, Dumbarton, Clackmannan and Kinross Militia" (Mackay, Stirling. 10s. 6d. net) has been compiled by Colonel A. H. Middleton. It will be welcomed by all officers and others interested in this fine regiment.—Mr. Bennett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard University, has published his Clark lectures delivered at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1902-1903 on "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature" (Macmillan. 7s. net). They were worth republishing for their graceful language and original thought.—Among reprints which we have received of late are Mr. A. J. Balfour's "Essays and Addresses" (Douglas. 7s. 6d.), a third and enlarged edition, which now includes the "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade" and "Reflections suggested by the New Theory of Matter"; "London Lyrics" (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net), by F. Locker Lampson in the "Golden Treasury Series"; "Love's Labour's Lost" (Lippincott. 18s.), being vol. xiv. of the "New Variorum Edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness; Mary Russell Mitford's "Country Stories" (Seeley. 2s. net) illustrated by George Morrow; "Our Village" (Dent. 5s. net) illustrated by Mr. C. Brock; "The Princess and other Poems" (Dent.

5s. net) in "Miranda's Library"; Pascal's "Provincial Letters"; Dekker's "The Gull's Hornbook"; Xenophon's "Memorabilia of Socrates" (J. S. Watson's 1855 edition, now edited by R. S. Hughes); "The Latin Works of Dante Alighieri", a translation, revised by A. G. Ferrers Howell and Philip H. Wicksteed; Owen Feltham's "Resolves Divine, Morall and Political", edited by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton; and D. G. Rossetti's translations of early Italian poets and of "Vita Nuova". These six volumes are in Messrs. Dent's "Temple Classics". The last volume has as frontispiece a delightful portrait of Rossetti, from the famous drawing by himself now in the National Portrait Gallery.

#### LITERATURE OF THE LAW.

"Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts and Letters." By C. H. W. Johns. Edinburgh: Clark. 1904. 1s.

Of the making of law-books of the ordinary practical type there is no end, though we believe 1904 had the lowest record for many years; but Mr. Johns has travelled far out of the beaten tracks in this volume of his which forms one of the series known as the Library of Ancient Inscriptions. There is much in it which can only be familiar to those who are acquainted with the process by which the ancient histories of Babylon and Assyria have been reconstituted by the labours of scholars. But Mr. Johns has succeeded in presenting for the easy comprehension of every cultivated reader a fascinating account of the laws and customs on which the public and social life of the oldest civilisation known to us was based. It is full of interest and instruction to compare a system of law and morality so different from our own and yet essentially such as compels our admission that it attained the same ends of justice which are the aims of modern law. The starting point of Mr. Johns' learned commentary is what is known as the oldest law book in the world; the code of Hammurabi dating from about 2250 B.C., which was found so recently as 1901 at Susa, and published in January 1902. This discovery enabled scholars for the first time to reconstruct the legal ideas of the Babylonians and Assyrians more effectively even than their general history. By means of it it is possible to enter into the more intimate character of these ancient peoples than was possible before; and they bear the test of criticism even from the modern point of view, whether it is applied to their family law, to that of property, to contractual relations, to their criminal legislation, or to their general business life. Notwithstanding institutions such as polygamy and slavery which are unsympathetic to us, it is remarkable how they succeeded in mitigating their defects to serve the ends of justice and humanity. We arrive at the conclusion that probably on the whole they were as effectively secured as they have been in Western civilisation. Mr. Johns writes almost with enthusiasm of these peoples "so highly educated, so deeply religious, so humane and intelligent, who developed such just laws and such permanent institutions". He states his case very suggestively when he asserts that "a right-thinking citizen of a modern city would probably feel more at home in ancient Babylon than in mediæval Europe". We can praise heartily a book which we have found as humanly interesting as it is scholarly.

"Osgoode Hall: Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar." By James Cleland Hamilton. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1904. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Hamilton is a member of the Toronto Bar and his object is to describe the legal personages, the legal customs and practices, and generally the ancient and modern history of the lawyer's profession in Canada. It is of course of no great antiquity and its centre is mostly Osgoode Hall which has stood in Canadian history for our Inns of Court, Courts of Law, and Record Office. It is the home of the Chief Courts of Ontario and the depository of judicial records from the earliest days of Provincial history; the youthful students and

(Continued on page 216.)

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the reverend signiors of the law assemble under its roof, and the shades of well-known Canadians, venerated for learning and patriotic service, rise before us as we look on the Hall, see the portraits on its walls, and traverse its tiled floors, handsome library, many court-rooms and offices. Mr. Hamilton reanimates this "still life" with historical and antiquarian lore, of quaint customs, with personal anecdotes, and social and professional incidents. Many of these portraits are reproduced, and the book will be found readable by all who have a taste for legal literature of this class.

"The Dictionary of Legal Quotations." By James William Norton-Kyshe. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1904. 10s. 6d.

This book is described as being composed of selected dicta of English Chancellors and Judges from the earliest periods to the present time. In our opinion it is an example of "wasted time and misemployed talents" and we cannot see what useful purpose legal or literary this Stroud's Judicial Dictionary run to seed can serve. The first page will furnish as good an example as any of the value of this Dictionary. It is a selection rather too favourable as the very first sentence is perhaps the best in the whole book. "Men will not commonly steal women that are worth nothing", said an old judge of the seventeenth century. That is well enough, but what primarily is the point of a quotation such as this: "It is fit that justice should be administered with great caution"; with its accompanying "See also Judges 16; Pleadings 3; Precedents 20; Statutes 10". Such laborious trifling is absurd; and there are scores of pages filled with matter of as little value or as little wit in this work of over three hundred pages. Mr. Norton-Kyshe might have made a not uninteresting small collection; but he has edited with little discretion and has apparently put in everything he could find that judges have said if it could be detached from a context.

"Dixon's Law of the Farm." Sixth Edition. By Aubrey John Spencer. London: Stevens and Sons. 1904. 26s.

"Dixon's Law of the Farm" has been for nearly fifty years a storehouse of practical information for all lawyers who have to advise on matters connected with agricultural and rural questions as well as for landlords land agents and farmers and sporting people of all kinds who desire guidance in many instances not for legal purposes strictly but as part of their general equipment as persons having "a stake in the country". Many persons must have old editions in their possession and those who have are in a position to trace very instructively by comparison with the present edition important changes in some phases of agriculture. It was an antique world in which Dixon wrote when compared with that of the present editor. As an example we need only mention such Acts as the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Market Gardeners Compensation Act, and most characteristic of all the application of the Workmen's Compensation Act to agricultural labourers. There still figures in this edition the statement of various agricultural customs originally compiled in 1858 by the author who rather plumed himself on his performance. Now though the editor retains it he somewhat lukewarmly remarks that it is believed to have been a very valuable feature of the work.

"International Law." Part I. Peace. By John Westlake. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1904. 9s.

The professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge holds such a distinguished place in his department of the law that a text-book by him may be regarded less with a view to criticism of treatment than with the object of ascertaining with what specific purpose he has produced it. International law tends to become increasingly a branch of a liberal education and a proper subject for the consideration of every man of affairs in politics or business in foreign trade. Most of the text-books have been intended for the lawyer; some of them have been prepared as encyclopaedias of international law, such as Wheaton for example or Phillimore. Professor Westlake's object has been to write for "English University students and average Englishmen interested in public affairs, neither of them a class which can devote much time to a single science, and to put them in a position to appreciate the discussions on other topics as they arise in the foreign affairs of the country". To state such an aim by so accomplished an author is to recommend the book, and we need say nothing more except that a companion volume is to follow dealing with international law in the state of war.

"Select Statutes, Cases and Documents." Edited by C. Grant Robertson. London: Methuen. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Robertson is a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and an examiner in the Honour School of Modern History. His account of the origin of his compilation is that in lecturing on constitutional history from 1660 to the great Reform Bill he had no handy collection of selected original authorities similar to those of the "Select Charters" of Stubbs, and accordingly set himself to supply the want. The selection has been made not from the point of view of the lawyer so much as from that of the student of constitutional history, so that instead of

relying merely on paraphrases of text-writers we may study the actual documents or the actual words of the judges "who made both law and history and liberty by their decisions", as Mr. Robertson puts it. It is a very serviceable work that he has done, especially for junior students.

"Law in Business." By Hew A. Wilson. London: Methuen. 1904. 2s. 6d. net.

In this little book of 150 pages Mr. Wilson writes pleasantly and lucidly, and accurately so far as we have been able to test his statements, on many topics of law which can be explained generally to the ordinary man engaged in modern commercial affairs. It is an outline of the rules and principles relating to commercial contracts such as the sale of goods, cheques and bills of exchange, principal and agent, landlord and tenant and to bankruptcy. If the person for whom it is intended is content to gather a few elementary ideas on these matters, and is not led into the mistake of thinking that he knows enough to apply them to actual facts he may amuse himself with it not without profit.

"The Law of Copyright." By Walter Arthur Copinger. Fourth Edition, by J. M. Easton. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1904. 32s.

This most comprehensive treatise is so well known that it is sufficient to mention that the part relating to international copyright has been practically rewritten by the new editor. In regard to the American Copyright Bill now before Congress whereby books originally published in a foreign language may obtain copyright, the editor remarks that whilst this proposal might afford relief to Continental authors, it would afford none to British authors. We have in a recent article expressed this view, and also pointed out, as the editor does, that it is through the action of America that the international copyright question is so greatly complicated.

"The Law Relating to Sewers and Drains." By Alexander Macmorran and W. Addington Willis. London: Butterworth. 1904. 1s.

Laymen may be surprised to hear that one of the most difficult questions the Courts ever have to decide is when a drain is a sewer. It is a notoriously complicated branch of the law and has puzzled judges as much as the Workmen's Compensation Act. Many important consequences turn on the distinction. It leads to conflict between local authorities and between these and private individuals and altogether a pretty sum of money is spent annually in law costs over it. Mr. Macmorran K.C. is a noted practitioner in this and sundry other branches of local government law and he and his co-editor, Mr. Willis, have set themselves to straighten out the matter so far as it admits of this process; and it is worth mentioning that including Appendix and Index, 800 pages, making a very stout volume, are required to see them through their unexhilarating labours. They say it would be mere presumption to suggest that any work however carefully prepared could make the subject simple; and all that they can or wish to claim for their book is its completeness as a Digest of this branch of the law. Nobody is better qualified than they are to say what completeness means in this connexion and doubtless they have made good their claim.

"The Law of Covenants." By Gawayne Baldwin Hamilton. Second Edition. London: Stevens and Sons. 1904. 10s. 6d.

The law relating to covenants is strictly a technical branch of the conveyancer's art; and Mr. Hamilton's carefully digested record of the cases as brought down to July of last year makes this second edition of additional value to the persons for whose use it has been prepared.

For this Week's Books see page 218.

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**MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE** will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on TUESDAY, February 21, 1905, at One o'clock precisely, Old English and Continental POTTERY and PORCELAIN, comprising Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, Bow, Swansea, Sèvres, Dresden, &c.; also Salt Glaze, Whieldon, Leeds, Bristol, and Lambeth Delft, and the various Staffordshire factories: Miniatures, Enamels, and Bric-à-brac.

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**BOVRIL, LIMITED.**

THE eighth ordinary general meeting of Bovril, Limited, was held at the offices of the Company, 152-166 Old Street, London, E.C., the Viscount Duncannon, C.V.O., C.B., Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary, Mr. W. H. Harris, having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman, after referring in graceful terms to the death of their colleague, Mr. Frederick Gordon, said: Smaller sales and dwindling profits have proved the experience of many, I think I may say of most, commercial concerns. I am the better pleased, therefore, to come before you with an account showing a record turnover and an increased profit over last year. If there is a feature it is that the co-operative societies appear to have made progress, whilst the fashionable stores have not done so well, from which we infer that the working classes have felt the touch of adversity less than those who are nominally better off. I mentioned on the previous occasion that the backwash of the South African War did no good, Government surplus stocks being resold at the Cape at such low prices that it would have paid manufacturers to have bought them in if they had been on the spot. Dealing with the accounts, there was an item of £11,250 for debenture interest in the 1903 account, which does not appear in the one before you, as we paid the debenture interest one day earlier. Reserve shows an increase of £20,000, and it will stand at £145,000, certainly not too large a figure for a concern of this importance. The balance of Profit and Loss account, after paying debenture interest and interim dividends, is £66,451 to be allocated now. On the creditor side of the accounts the amount of goodwill, &c., stands at £1,011 more than before, owing to a further payment on our holding of Virol shares. On the right-hand side you have our gross profit on trading, which is £30,283 more than in 1903. Transfer fees are £18 down. The amount we have received for interest, £489, shows the easier circumstances that we are getting into financially, and the small balance represents dividend on Food Specialists Ordinary shares. Bovril, Limited, holds a controlling interest in the subsidiary Companies, Virol, Limited, and Food Specialists, Limited. On the other side of the account we have our spendings. Under the various headings included in the first item there is an increase of £14,266. Naturally when you do more business you must pay more commissions, charges, &c. Depreciation on plant and office furniture is £185 less. Had and doubtful debts, we are glad to say, are £377 less. We never have much to complain of under this head. The balance carried down to Profit and Loss Account, £146,550, is the concentrated Bovril of the whole business, and shows an improvement of £7,189, as compared with last year. Debenture interest never varies, nor do interim dividends, and so we arrive at the final figure of £66,451, which we recommend to be distributed thus:—Preference shares, £13,750; Ordinary shares, £26,250; Deferred shares, £22,500; Reserved, £20,000, leaving £12,951 to be carried forward.

He then referred to the late Australian drought and the return of the "Discovery" from the Antarctic which was very interesting to them, for they had been entrusted with a good deal towards the provisioning of the expedition. He concluded: Increased profits and record sales are facts that speak for themselves. I therefore conclude with one word of acknowledgment to our staff both at home and abroad. They undoubtedly have a preparation, which has no equal; but still, in these days, it requires push, energy and a swing together to make a success. Ladies and gentlemen, I have now much pleasure in moving that the report and accounts for the year ending 31st December, 1904, be and the same are hereby approved and adopted by this meeting, and that after the fixed rates of dividend have been paid on the Preference and Ordinary shares for the half-year ending 31st December, 1904, a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on the Deferred shares, as recommended by the directors, be and the same is hereby sanctioned; all dividends subject to income-tax. The dividend warrants will be posted on the 28th February.

Mr. G. L. Johnson (Vice-chairman) said he would like to amplify Lord Duncannon's remarks regarding the Australian drought. Owing to this drought and to increased sales they had been unable to get all their demands for raw material met by their favourite source of supply—Australia, and therefore had made arrangements in South America with the Kemmerich Company, who were, he believed, the largest owners of cattle and of cattle ranches in the world. He had much pleasure in seconding the resolution.

After some remarks by Mr. Smith, of Liverpool, the resolution was carried, and formal resolutions were passed re-electing the retiring directors and auditors and thanking the staff.

**LONDON PRODUCE CLEARING HOUSE, LTD.**

THE eighteenth ordinary general meeting was held at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, Mr. C. Czarnikow presiding.

The Chairman said that the extent of the company's turnover depended entirely upon the activity of the various articles included in its operations. He was glad that owing to the unusual animation in both sugar and coffee, they were able to propose the payment of a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum for the past year, which was 2 per cent. above that of 1903, leaving £18,750 to be carried forward, as against £12,453 a year ago. Transactions in sugar registered by the company showed an increase of 7,602,000 bags, or more than double the previous year's, while the increase in coffee was about 2,000,000 bags. It was not for him to say there whether the present price of sugar was fully justified by the extraordinary deficiency of the Continental beet crops, but with a deficiency of something over 1,000,000 tons it was inevitable that values should advance considerably, especially as this shortage was preceded by two seasons of only moderate production. Without wishing to introduce a controversial element, he would like to give them his opinion, as one who had had the closest connexion with sugar all his life, that the much-abused Brussels Convention was not responsible for the rise which had taken place. It was due to short crops caused by the exceptionally dry weather on the Continent last summer. The Convention came just in time to save the cane-sugar industry from ruin, not only in our West India Colonies, but in other parts of the world as well, and if it had not been carried through, we should have had under present conditions an even greater scarcity, and probably much higher prices. The company's business in grain had fallen off to a regrettable extent, as the supply of American wheat during the year under review had become smaller and smaller. During the past few months the United States, instead of being a seller, had been a competitor with this country for Canadian wheat, of which the United States bought very considerable quantities. He had every hope that their grain business would soon be resumed on a somewhat wider basis, so that they would no longer be dependent on American and Canadian wheat for delivery on their contracts. Naturally, it took some time before a whole trade adapted itself to a new basis of business, but he hoped that the negotiations now pending would lead to the desired result. He felt bound to draw attention to the benefits accruing to the trading community from the establishment of well-organised clearing houses, which had a moderating influence on speculation, while at the same time affording all possible facilities to the trade for protecting their position. This was, he added, strongly exemplified by the extraordinary situation developed in the sugar market, contrasting favourably with the dealings in other articles which, in similar circumstances, had not the benefit of a clearing house to control transactions.

Mr. Benjamin D. Tabor having seconded the motion, it was carried unanimously. A resolution was afterwards passed approving the payment of a final dividend of 5s. 6d. a share on the ordinary share capital and £37 10s. a share on the founders' shares.



**CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.**From the Directors' Quarterly Report to  
31st December, 1904.

|  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. .. .                | 30,509'775 ozs.       |
| Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. .. . | 9'656 dwts.           |
| <b>WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.</b>                          |                       |
| Dr. Cost.  | Cost per ton milled.  |
| To Mining Expenses .. .. .                                       | £ s. d.               |
| Milling Expenses .. .. .   | 42,692 18 4           |
| Cyaniding Expenses .. .. .                                       | 9,091 18 2            |
| General Expenses .. .. .   | 9,508 12 1            |
| Head Office Expenses .. .. .                                     | 1,545 15 5            |
|  | 1,706 6 1             |
| Working Profit .. .. .   | 64,545 10 1           |
|  | 64,124 19 10          |
|  | £128,670 9 11         |
| Cr. Value.   | Value per ton milled. |
| By Gold Account .. .. .  | £128,670 9 11         |
| Dr. To Net Profit .. .. .  | £65,183 7 10          |
| Cr. By Balance Working Profit brought down .. .. .               | £64,124 19 10         |
| Interest .. .. .   | 1'058 8 0             |
|  | £65,183 7 10          |

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits due to the Government of the Transvaal on the profits for the quarter is estimated to amount to £5,434 25. 7d.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £1,723 10s. 2d.

An Interim Dividend (No. 7) of 30 per cent. was declared on 13th December, 1904, for the half-year ending 31st December, 1904, and will be payable on 4th February, 1905, from the Head and London Offices to Shareholders registered on the Company's Books on 31st December, 1904. Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer will receive payment of Coupon No. 7, attached thereto, on presentation at the London Office of the Company.

The Ninth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held in the Board Room, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 15th March, 1905, at 3 P.M.

**ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.**

From the Directors' Quarterly Report to 31st Dec., 1904.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. .. . 24,857'684 ozs.

Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. .. . 7'635 dwts.

|  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| <b>WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.</b>            |                       |
| Dr. Cost.  | Cost per ton milled.  |
| To Mining Expenses .. .. .                         | £ s. d.               |
| Milling Expenses .. .. .                           | 37,909 0 10           |
| Cyaniding Expenses .. .. .                         | 7,715 3 7             |
| General Expenses .. .. .                           | 7,957 5 5             |
| Head Office Expenses .. .. .                       | 2,698 17 2            |
|  | 1,807 11 2            |
| Working Profit .. .. .                             | 58,037 18 2           |
|  | 46,706 13 4           |
|  | £104,704 11 6         |
| Cr. Value.   | Value per ton milled. |
| By Gold Account .. .. .                            | £104,704 11 6         |
| Dr. To Net Profit .. .. .                          | £47,311 12 8          |
| Cr. By Balance Working Profit brought down .. .. . | £46,706 13 4          |
| Interest .. .. .                                   | 604 19 4              |
|  | £47,311 12 8          |

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits due to the Government of the Transvaal on the profits for the quarter is estimated to amount to £1,222 12s. 0d.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £13,102 9s. 3d.

An Interim Dividend (No. 7) of 15 per cent. was declared on 13th December, 1904, for the half-year ending 31st December, 1904, and will be payable on 4th February, 1905, from the Head and London Offices to Shareholders registered on the Company's Books on 31st December, 1904. Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer will receive payment of Coupon No. 7, attached thereto, on presentation either at the London Office or at the Paris Office of the Company (Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taillout).

Arrangements have been made to engage about 1,340 coolie labourers from Northern China to supplement the Company's requirements of unskilled labour. It is expected that about 490 of these labourers will arrive in February, and the balance in the early part of March.

The Ninth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held in the Board Room, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 15th March, 1905, at 11 A.M.

**BRAKPAN MINES, LIMITED.****Notice to Shareholders.****SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the SECOND ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1905, at Noon, for the following business:

- To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance-sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1904.
- To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. Max Francke and Charles Marx, who retire in terms of the Articles of Association, but, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.
- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration for the past Audit.
- To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The SHARE TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be CLOSED from the 12th April to the 18th April, 1905, both days inclusive.

By Order,

J. H. JEFFERYS,  
Secretary to the London Committee.London Transfer Office:  
5 London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.  
17th February, 1905.**MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.****IMPROVING BUSINESS.**

THE eighth ordinary general meeting of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Colonel Sir Charles Euan-Smith, K.C.B., C.S.I. (chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Henry W. Allen, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said there was not very much to call for notice in respect of the balance-sheet. The profit and loss account shows that for the year under review we have made a net profit of £12,681 5s. 3d., and although this result has called forth some criticism on the part of one or two of the journals connected with the cable interests, your directors do not consider it as being other than satisfactory. In 1902 we made a profit of £5,489 8s. 3d., in 1903 of £18,670 2s. 8d., and this year, as noted, of £12,681 5s. 3d. In 1902 we received a subsidy of £16,000 from the Canadian Government, and in 1903 a sum of £50,000 from the British Admiralty. Critics of our balance-sheets for those years pointed to these payments as exceptional. In the year under review we have received no similar special payments. The profit of £12,681 5s. 3d. for this year may therefore, we consider, be regarded as the more satisfactory, as indicating a general expansion of the business from sales and royalties without any payment which might be regarded as exceptional. It is not, of course, claimed that the Marconi wireless system is at present in full working order as a profit-earning concern. It is in a safe position with which no other Company will find it possible to compete. In this connection it may be useful for those who read the constant criticisms that appear in the newspapers affecting the Marconi system to reflect upon what is the actual position of affairs. It is, of course, necessary for newspapers to put before their readers all details regarding the various inventions which might enter into competition with the Marconi system. Their chances of success are dwelt upon, their merits are eulogised, and no exception can be taken to this. But what are the practical results? In Italy, in Germany, in France, and in other countries we hear a great deal of the inventions for wireless telegraphy which have been patented by subjects of these countries; but in Germany the Marconi system holds the field upon the German liners. The Italian Government has not only embodied the Marconi system in the public telegraph service of that country, but the Italian men-of-war and other vessels are equipped with our apparatus. The French liners, the ships of the American Trust, Dutch ships, Canadian ships—all carry Marconi apparatus. In England his Majesty's Post Office is now, I am happy to say, in close alliance with us. The British Admiralty has adopted our apparatus for use throughout the entire Navy. At present the Marconi system is, as far as we know, the only one that is generally utilised for commercial purposes, and we can safely assert that it is the only one which, as far as long distance wireless telegraphy is concerned, has shown any practical results. (Applause.) With these facts in view, with the knowledge of the contracts into which we have entered with foreign Governments, and with influential companies in many countries, your directors feel that, while by no means neglecting, or wishing to depreciate, the value of the criticisms that may be showered upon us, we can look forward to the future with confidence to which we look forward in the near future as likely to afford ample compensation to our shareholders for their patience in awaiting the full development of this gigantic enterprise. The directors fully appreciate the patience and confidence which have been characteristic of the attitude of their shareholders, and they feel the more because they are conscious that some of the shareholders, notwithstanding the vast amount of press publicity which the company's affairs receive, have at times expected more detailed information from the directors. In some undertakings, in mining and industrial concerns and development schemes, the shareholders are kept in time to time informed by circulars of what is being done and of the actual situation of affairs. This practice has been pursued in respect of this company's affairs so far as practicable without prejudice to future business. There are, however, many contracts, with Governments and other public bodies, which are but stepping stones to more important arrangements. It is impossible to publish details of such contracts, and, at times, even to announce their completion might be prejudicial to future developments. With these general remarks, which do not seem uncalled for in the present state of affairs in connection with public opinion as it affects our Company, I will pass to a brief and detailed consideration of the report.

I think the board will have your concurrence that the business of the Company is, as stated therein, making satisfactory progress all over the world, and, in view of the fact that we believe ourselves to be now upon the brink of completing the machinery necessary for a regular Transatlantic commercial service, it was deemed advisable to put before the shareholders, for the information of those who are ignorant of the subject, an estimate of the earnings of a single pair of stations in a year. The figures on which this estimate is based, as furnished by our scientific advisers, are given, and it is competent for anyone to form his own conclusions as to whether or not the amount of £36,000 per annum set forth as the estimated earnings of such stations is correct or otherwise. In this connection the small capital involved is also a most important point for consideration; for whereas the whole issued capital of the Company is only about £250,000, the cost of a single cable between England and America is probably not less than £300,000. Another point to notice in connection with future revenue is the rapidly increasing number of ships that are being fitted with our apparatus. It must be borne in mind that each ship which carries our apparatus becomes in itself not only a new source of revenue to the Company, but, as it affords a new point of communication with ships that are similarly equipped, the receipts of these latter must also be increased, and this, of course, is a factor that is constantly increasing in value. We are, in short, building up a wireless telegraph exchange—the revenue from which and the value to the existing subscribers are increased by each new connection. On January 1 last messages from the United Kingdom could be transmitted from the Postal Telegraph Offices to ships at sea through the Company's shore stations. This is a step in advance which, as we have reason to know, is highly appreciated and made use of by those whose friends are on the water. In another direction we have been able to accentuate our union with the Post Office authorities. On the occasion of the recent temporary breakdown of the cable system between the Scilly Isles and the mainland, we were asked by the Post Office to carry on telegraphic communication by wireless telegraphy. This we gladly consented to do, and with complete success; and though the financial results which accrued therefrom were not of a formidable character, still the union thus begun may, we hope, be productive of more profitable results hereafter. I will not dwell at any length upon the other countries with which we have concluded contracts, or which are now in negotiation for the establishment of our system. We await, as stated in the report, the result of the discussions of the proposed Berlin Conference with complete confidence. The success of the meteorological service speaks for itself, and the fact that we have found it necessary to seek new works to meet the constantly growing demands for the supply of our apparatus also indicates that the Company has entered upon a period of increasing and profitable activity. He formally moved the adoption of the report and balance-sheet.

Chevalier Guglielmo Marconi formally seconded the motion, which after discussion was put and carried unanimously.

The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks not only to Signor Marconi, whose services were absolutely invaluable to the Company, but to their most admirable managing director (Mr. Cuthbert Hall), and to the rest of the executive.

Mr. Chambers seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted. Mr. Cuthbert Hall having gratefully acknowledged the vote, a shareholder proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors for their services during the past year.

Mr. Chubb seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman replied and the proceedings terminated.

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